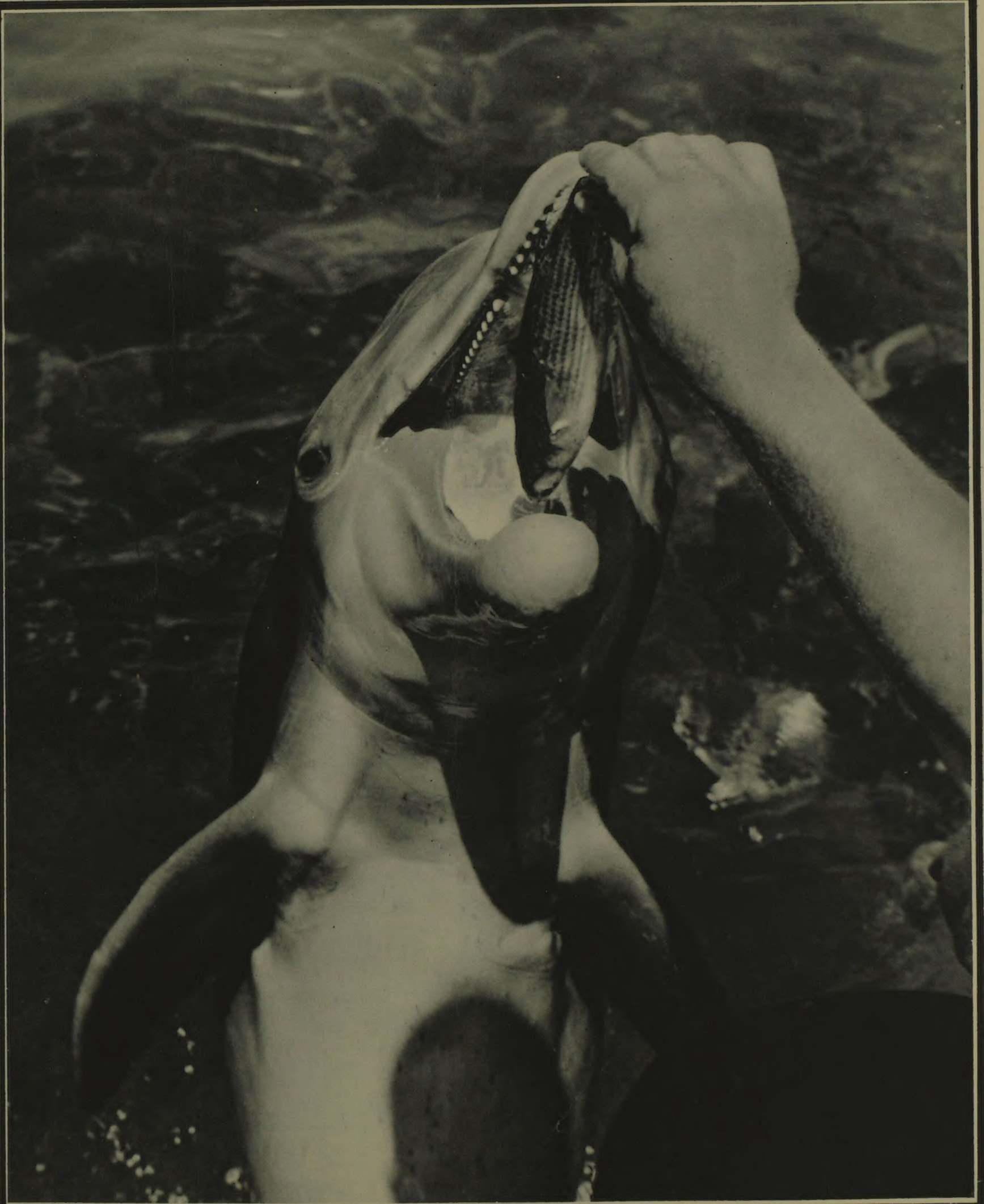


# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1939.



JUMPING OUT OF THE WATER FOR A LARGE MOUTHFUL: AN AMUSING PHOTOGRAPH OF A CAPTIVE PORPOISE BEING FED BY HAND AT THE MARINE STUDIOS, THE WORLD'S MOST REMARKABLE AQUARIA, NEAR ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA.

PHOTOGRAPH BY W. F. GERECKE. (SEE ALSO THE FOLLOWING PAGES.)



# A PORPOISE AT TABLE AND A LARGE SHARK: "OCEANARIUM" FEATURES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. F. GERECKE.



THE LARGEST SHARK IN CAPTIVITY: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN THROUGH A PORTHOLE AT THE MARINE STUDIOS, SHOWING AN 11 FT. 8 IN. GROUND-SHARK SWIMMING PAST A DIVER, WHO HOLDS A Mallet IN HIS HAND IN CASE HE SHOULD BE ATTACKED.



LUNCH-TIME AT THE MARINE STUDIOS: A MOTHER PORPOISE AWAITS HER TURN WHILE HER OFFSPRING HELPS ITSELF TO A MULLET FROM THE "TABLE"—THESE PORPOISES ARE THE ONLY SPECIMENS IN CAPTIVITY AND PROVIDE MUCH AMUSEMENT FOR VISITORS TO THE "OCEANARIUM."

Our readers will remember that we published some photographs taken at the Marine Studios, near St. Augustine, Florida, in our issue of December 24 last year, together with a description of this unique form of aquarium. On our front page and that opposite we reproduce some amusing photographs of the two

porpoises which are in captivity in this "oceanarium" and others, taken through the special portholes in the sides of the gigantic tanks, showing the large fish which are kept there under natural conditions. The ground-shark was captured through the use of a drug which was injected by a special hypodermic needle.

[Continued opposite.]

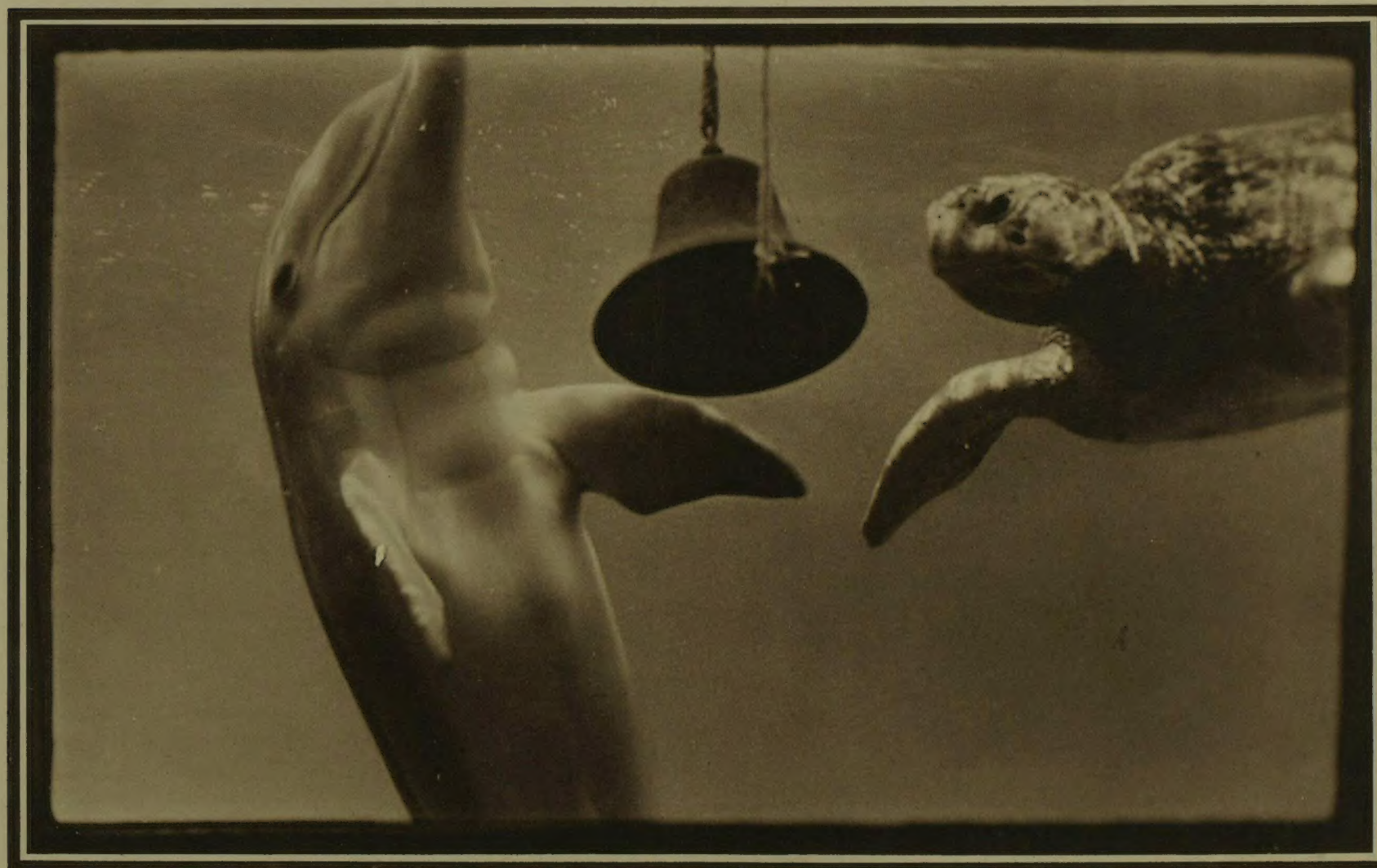


## MEAL-TIME AT A "MARINE ZOO": THE LUNCH-BELL AND HAND-FEEDING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. F. GERECKE.



A DIVER FEEDING A 500-LB. JEWFISH WITH MULLET 11 FT. BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE "OCEANARIUM": AN INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING HOW TAME THE FISH BECOME AT THE MARINE STUDIOS, WHERE SUCH SCENES AS THIS CAN BE OBSERVED THROUGH PORTHOLES.



WAITING TO BE FED: A PORPOISE AND A TURTLE SWIMMING UP TO THE BELL WHICH IS RUNG AT EVERY MEAL-TIME AND NOW CLAIMS THEIR PROMPT OBEDIENCE TO ITS SUMMONS—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN THROUGH A PORTHOLE SEVERAL FEET BELOW THE SURFACE.

*Continued.*

This enabled the shark to be hauled aboard a fishing-boat which was designed for this particular purpose, and transported back unharmed to the Marine Studios, where it soon recovered from its "doped" condition. The porpoises are the favourites of visitors and their exhibition at feeding-time attracts a great

crowd, who watch them jumping out of the water for a fish or helping themselves from a floating "table." A bell is rung underwater when it is time for a meal and the porpoises, turtles and fish have become so accustomed to it that they quickly obey its summons and gather for their food.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

SO it seems that they are threatening to demolish part of Beaumont Street to extend the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. How the news takes one back: takes the writer of these lines back, that is. Beaumont Street is the one principal street left in Oxford that, so far as I know, belongs to one period, and that period uniformly good. It dates from the early nineteenth century, when the fine classical tradition of the English aristocratic past was entering on its final phase. All the houses are built of the same grey stone, have well-proportioned, handsomely-spaced windows with plain sashes, and, most of them, pillared doorways and charming half-roofed iron balconies that somehow suggest sunshine, side-whiskers, and sprigged-muslin crinolines. Not that there were any crinolines or side-whiskers there in my time. Late Victorianism and early Edwardianism—horsehair, shiny black leather and antimacassars had long invaded their 1830 interiors, and had taken on the attributes of respectable, if dingy, everlastingness. It was the place where one went of an evening to visit men in their third year, whose crossed oars, college-crested tobacco-jars, and second-hand copies of Stubbs and Gardiner bespoke their academic pursuits. It was also the place where one's cousin or somebody else's cousin lodged when she came up to Eights Week or Commem. Beaumont Street, in fact, has very romantic memories for me: like Banstead Downs for Pepys, "where Mrs. Hely and I did use to walk and talk, with whom I had the first sentiments of love and pleasure in woman's company, discourse and taking her by the hand, she being a pretty woman." *Et ego in Arcadia* . . .

As for the Ashmolean, I knew little about it. I believed it to contain many priceless treasures which I ought to have seen but had not. For the truth is I never entered it, though I must have passed it many hundreds of times. To my untutored eyes its massive exterior at the corner of Beaumont Street acquired what small beauty it possessed solely from comparison with the Randolph Hotel opposite. On top of its imposing mass, if I remember rightly, were, and doubtless still are, some allegorical classical figures which undergraduate tradition had it represented the virtues of Faith, Hope and Geography. We used to pass them with suitable and irreverent comments of an afternoon as we walked, hatless and scarved, on our way to winter rambles over Port Meadow to Godstow and Wytham. I remember discussing a nocturnal scheme for crowning them in the same manner as on a famous occasion the Martyrs' Memorial was once crowned, and as, in accordance with a family tradition, I had helped—at considerable subsequent expense to myself—to crown the eagle over the library in the inner quad. of my own college. But the project, like so many other Oxford projects, came to nothing. The general feeling in our minds, so far

as it is worth recording, was that Beaumont Street was a friendly and pleasant spot that was part of our background, while the Ashmolean Museum was somehow hostile and remote from us. A very improper and Philistine attitude, no doubt, and one which the Ashmolean authorities cannot have shared or even guessed at. But then we were young barbarians all at play, and we took our playground as our fathers had done before us, in our stride and for granted.

Nor was that playground unworthy of the coloured imagination even of blind, happy and ardent youth. It was still the enchanted city of the Middle Ages set as the crowning jewel in Oxford's lovely countryside. True, there was North Oxford, with the horrifying domestic austerities of its yellow and red brick pseudo-Gothic, the railway station squatting uneasily amid its dingy environment, and the gasworks of ever-haunting memory. But from Cumnor's height the

Well, we have changed all that: changed it with a vengeance. The enchanted countryside has been banished as though by a magician's hands, and its place been taken by an urban area—felicitous denomination—that has to the impractical beholder all the worst features of Willesden or Balham with none of their advantages—

. . . Farewell, happy fields,  
Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors!

And Oxford, as a spiritual city, in a setting worthy of it that somehow left an indelible impression on the sensitive mind, is as though it had never been. The city fathers and the speculative builder have seen to that. There are no nightingales to haunt the dark dingles now, and the scholar gypsy trailing in the cool stream his fingers wet would soon be driven crazy by the sound of the big lorries on the by-pass road. Through the long, dewy grass—where any, that is,

had been left—he would move away, but not slowly; and if, dazed by the smell of petrol vapour, he was holding his nose as he did so, who could blame him? As a breeding-ground for a particular kind of young Marxist, the Oxford of the future—if present trends long continue—will no doubt rival any factory town of the Steppes. But it will breed no more poets and patriots. "To make men love their country," Burke wrote in words of pregnant wisdom, "one must make their country lovely." The corollary is also true.

Perhaps I have exaggerated the evil. Perhaps Oxford is still as beautiful as ever to young eyes. She was so rich that she could afford to lose many of her treasures without the loss being noticed. But the process of loss is so continuous and cumulative that one who loves Oxford is forced to draw attention to

it. Nor can the blame for what has happened be wholly ascribed to the capitalist system. Commercial exploitation there has been and continues to be: much of it of a particularly blatant and vulgar kind. The State that permits such desecration of the spiritual and cultural nursery of its future leaders has something lacking in its machinery and principle of government. But the evil has not only come from the individual exploiter in search of wealth: part of it has come from the University itself. In recent years there has been a curious indifference on the part of those who are its present trustees to the outward form of Oxford. Those who display such carelessness are forgetful that the atmosphere created by externals can be to the ordinary man a far greater educative force than all the instruction stored in the pages of books and droned from the rostrums of lecture-rooms. If this were not so, there could be no objection to transferring Oxford at once to the more convenient neighbourhood of Gower Street or to some large new centre of population, like Croydon or Dagenham.



THE WORLD'S LARGEST AQUARIUM TANKS, WHICH PRESENT UNIQUE OPPORTUNITIES FOR THE STUDY OF MARINE LIFE: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE MARINE STUDIOS, ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA.

The Marine Studios near St. Augustine, Florida, consist of two tanks—one, rectangular in form, measuring 100 ft. by 50 ft. and 18 ft. deep; and the other, circular, 75 ft. in diameter and 11 ft. deep. Marine life can be studied—and photographed—through portholes arranged at various levels, and photographs of some of the more interesting exhibits, such as a large shark and the only porpoises in captivity, will be found on previous pages in this issue. (Photograph by W. F. Gerecke.)

eye still travelled down to Oxford's towers across the gentle green meadows and the rustic Hinkseys. And one could still wander, as Matthew Arnold had done before one, through a landscape that set a poet's heart beating beneath many a solid and brawny English breast. The best of what I learnt at Oxford—the best, certainly, of what I acquired, took away with me and still possess—was, not given in any lecture hall, but in rambles with my friends on the skirts of Bagley Wood or above Godstow Bridge—

Where most the gipsies by the turf-edged way  
Pitch their smoked tents, and every bush you see  
With scarlet patches tagg'd and shreds of gray,  
Above the forest-ground called Thessaly.

Oxford, in fact, was where a man learnt to love England, and for that best of all reasons for loving, because her beauty, concentrated in that hallowed and haunted temple of her faith, culture and heroic history, left him awed and shaken. We did not express this in words, nor were we scarcely conscious of it in thought, and yet it was so.





**THE EXILE OF DOORN'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY: THE EX-KAISER WILHELM AS HE IS TO-DAY.**

Yesterday, January 27, marked the eightieth birthday of the former Emperor of Germany. The occasion has a historic, if melancholy, significance, particularly to those who can remember the early days of his fateful career. His twenty-first year of exile began in last November. It was understood that the ex-Kaiser

would entertain a large number of relatives and other guests at Doorn upon this occasion, in order that homage might be paid to him as head of the House of Hohenzollern. A party of high German officers who fought in the war also arranged to visit Doorn, headed by Field-Marshal Mackensen. (Photograph by Sandau, Berlin.)

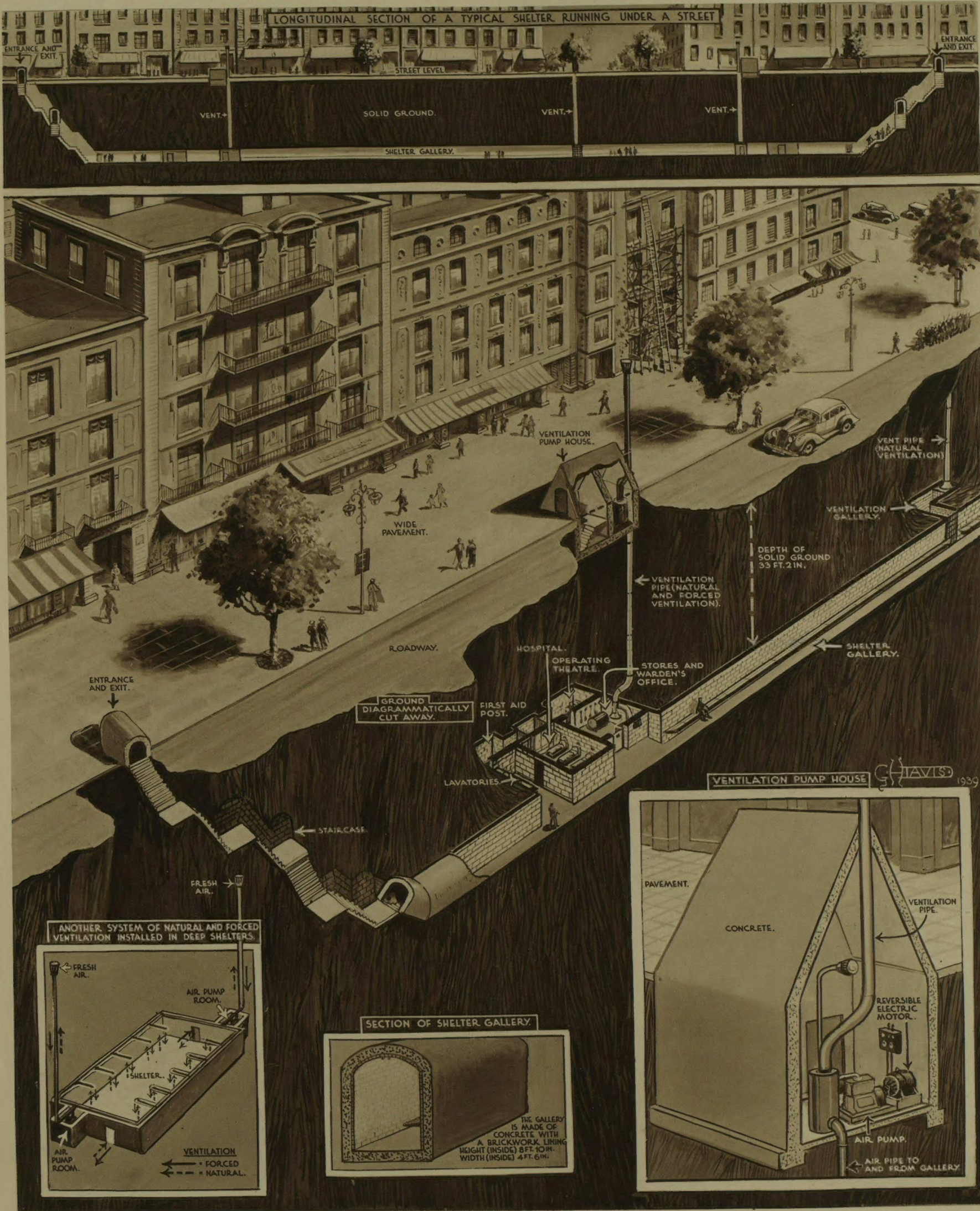






AN A.R.P. LESSON FROM BARCELONA: A SIMPLE TYPE OF DEEP SHELTER.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, UNDER THE DIRECT SUPERVISION OF MR. CYRIL HELSBY, M.I.STRUCT.E., M.Soc.C.E.



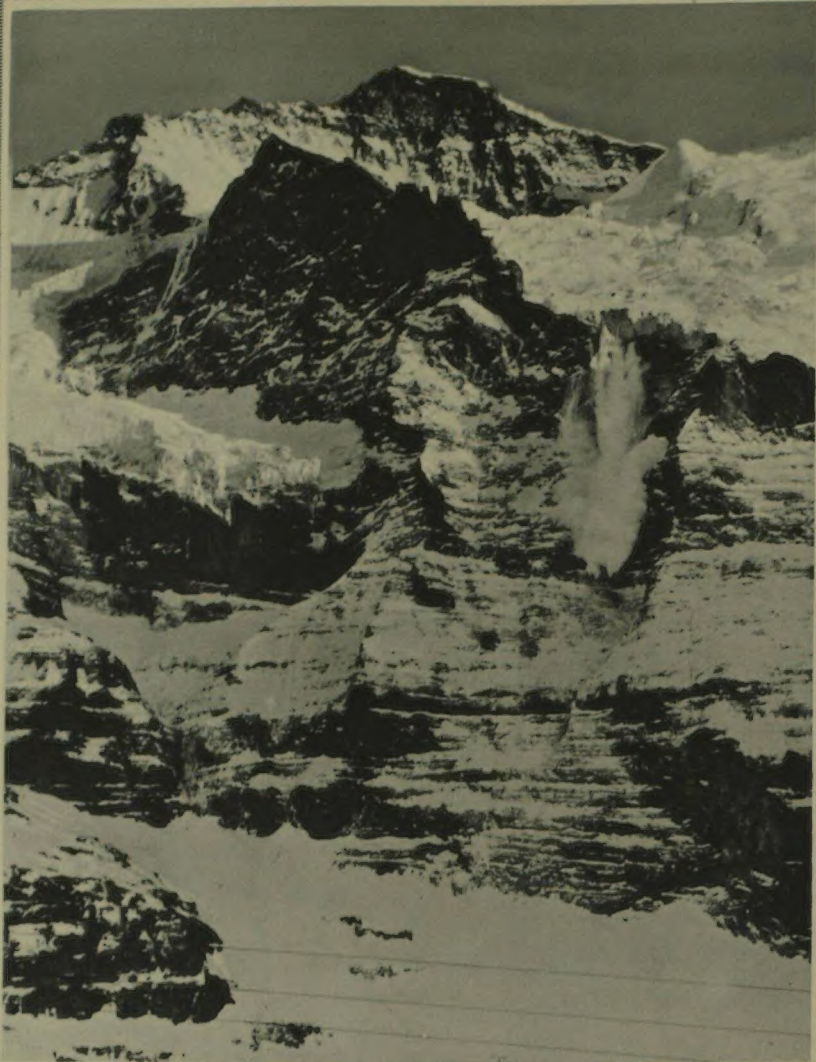
A DEEP SHELTER AT BARCELONA SAFE FROM THE MOST POWERFUL BOMBS, MADE IN THE FORM OF A LONG TUNNEL RUNNING 33 FT. BELOW A CITY STREET: THE TYPE MOST FREQUENTLY USED, BEING RELATIVELY SIMPLE TO EXCAVATE AND CONSTRUCT.

The Junta de Defensa Passiva de Catalunya, in control of the air raid defences of Barcelona, found from experience that the most effective form of air raid shelter was that constructed deep under the surface. In our last issue we illustrated a shelter of the type built 40 to 45 ft. below ground-level and under the blocks of buildings so typical of Barcelona. On this page is shown in detail another favourite type of deep shelter, which takes the form of a long tunnel, some 8 ft. 10 in. in height, and 4 ft. 6 in. to 5 ft. in width, that has frequently been dug deep under the streets. The nature of the soil at Barcelona (mostly hard, dry clay and ballast) renders the construction of these deep shelters far easier than if they had to be built in the moist clay under London. The shelter is entered at either

end by long flights of steps turned in two directions to prevent bomb blast penetrating downwards. Hospital, lavatory, warden's office, first aid and tool spaces are included. Most of these shelters are ventilated by a natural system of ventilation, but in many cases there is also forced ventilation by means of air pumps driven by reversible electric motors, so that the pumps can force fresh air in and suck foul air out. As a precaution against all eventualities, the shelters also have gas-proof doors, and by raising the air pressure in them gas can be kept out. The thickness of 33 ft. 2 in. of solid ground between the roof of the shelter and the surface renders the shelter quite safe from any bomb, and the fact that the people sheltering know they are quite safe relieves nervous tension and keeps up their morale.



## PHOTOGRAPHING THE FALL OF AN AVALANCHE: A BREATH-TAKING SPECTACLE NEAR THE JUNGFRAU.



AN AVALANCHE STARTS ON THE SILBERHORN (JUNGFRAU): THE FIRST OF FOUR PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN WHILE IT CRASHED INTO THE VALLEY.



THE SNOW AND ICE PRECIPITATED OVER THE ROCKY EDGE ON THE SILBERHORN, BY THE ACTION OF A GLACIER, HURTTLES DOWNWARDS: A SECOND STAGE.



CLOUDS OF SNOW RISING LIKE SMOKE FROM THE AVALANCHE, WHILE THE MOUNTAINS RESOUND WITH THE ROAR OF ITS FALL: THE THIRD STAGE.



THE AVALANCHE STRIKES THE LOWER SNOW SLOPES IN A FAN OF POWDERY "SMOKE": A BEAUTIFUL SPECTACLE, TOO OFTEN FRAUGHT WITH TRAGEDY.

IN our last issue we published a series of photographs taken by Mr. F. S. Smythe, famous for the part he has played in Mount Everest expeditions, showing the danger to ski-ers from the treacherous wind-slab avalanche. Here we give four photographs, taken in a few seconds, showing stages of a spectacular avalanche in the Jungfrau group of mountains. The avalanche was caused by the movement of a glacier over an edge of rock on the Silberhorn, precipitating huge masses of ice and snow into the valley below. The photographs were taken about sunset from Wengernalp, on the upper Lauterbrunnen Valley.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### HIGH - JUMPERS AND GREAT WALKERS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

A FEW days ago a case of "prison-breaking" was reported from the Zoo! It seems that two Cape jumping-hares, recently sent there, were seen peacefully resting in their enclosure by their keeper when he took a look at them before bidding them good-night, but when he returned in the morning, they had gone! However, they had not gone very far away, for a brief search resulted in their discovery on the other side of the fence. This naturally surprised him, because it would have seemed impossible, had the thought occurred to him, that such a leap could have been made without space for a short sprint before the jump. However, wire-netting has put an end to a repetition of this escapade. But I should much like to see a trial made of their leaping powers under favourable conditions.

Before I go further, let me say that the jumping-hare (Fig. 1) is not really a hare, but one of the Jerboas, and the largest of its tribe, having a length of about 2 feet. Apart from its much larger size, it differs from the jerboas in its relatively shorter hind-legs and much larger fore-legs, which, in the jerboas, are but little used for locomotion, and have, in consequence, become so much reduced in size as, at first sight, to appear wanting, for they are small enough to be drawn closely into the fur, save when feeding, when they are used to carry and hold food to the mouth, after the manner of squirrels. The relatively enormous length of the hind-legs affords a very striking illustration of the effects of concentrated use, these alone being used for locomotion. The jumping-hare has a long tail, but, relatively, nothing near as long as in the jerboas, where it is used partly as a "balancing-pole" when leaping and partly to rest upon when sitting, as in the case of the kangaroos; and we find this same jerboa-like form of the body in the American "jumping-rats."

One can understand how, once this intensive form of locomotion got on its way, it would continue in this direction until some sort of equilibrium was established. But what started it? Since these are all more or less desert-haunting

what we may call excessive size, again, in the frog. But here, after the leap, landing takes place on all fours, and not, as in these others, on the hind-legs. By the way, I wonder whether a cinematograph film of a leaping frog has ever been taken. It would certainly prove most interesting, not to say instructive.

frigate-birds, the legs have become excessively reduced, so that the "shank" of the leg has almost vanished, leaving only the toes, which are called upon merely to support the body when resting. There are, however, some birds which contrive to walk on fairly short legs, and these are the sand-grouse. But, be it remembered, they walk but little, moving from place to place on their wings, the breast-muscles of which are excessively large. The nearly-related pigeons, again, and the parrot-tribe, the kingfishers, and the bee-eaters are all birds with conspicuously short legs, and these, it may be remarked, are all birds which walk very little, and some not at all. But there are exceptions to every rule, and these prove my case. They are the crowned pigeons, and *didunculus*, which have forsaken trees for life on the ground, and have, in consequence, developed relatively long legs. And this is also true of some of the parrots which have forsaken the trees for the ground, for in all these the legs are much longer than those of their tree-dwelling relations.

And now I come to some rather puzzling instances which call for further study. These are birds wherein the legs are excessively long and slender—as, for example, in the flamingoes, and the stilts, birds of the plover-tribe. Has this lengthening come about by the long-sustained and persistent wading entailed in finding food, which is always obtained from the water? This may very well be the case, for both have to wade as they feed. This, then, seems a reasonable explanation. For the herons, which are long-legged birds, though by no means so conspicuously so as the flamingoes and stilts, remain standing in the water during most of the time when fishing, waiting for their victims to come to them. These comparisons gain yet more force by contrasting the legs of these "waders" with those of the auk-tribe, divers and penguins (Fig. 2)—all intensively aquatic types, resorting to land only to find a site for their eggs. The divers have made such intensive use of their legs for swimming that walking is impossible. The auk-tribe use their legs on land only when alighting on a rock-ledge to brood their eggs or feed their young. The



1. THE CAPE JUMPING-HARE: A TRUE JERBOA WHICH, HOWEVER, SHOWS AN EARLIER STAGE IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE TRIBE.

The leaping-legs of the Cape jumping-hare are shorter, the tail more hairy and shorter, and the fore-legs, which are carried close under the head, as in other members of the tribe, are larger than in the jerboas. (Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.)

But I am thinking at the moment of the effects of use and disuse on the moulding of the body. Organs which are much used, of necessity take up most of the food which, after digestion, is used to repair wasted tissues. Hence those parts of the body which have to bear the main stresses and strains of life will take up most of that material, ingested for this work of reparation. We find evidence of this in every group of animals, from highest to lowest.

Let us take the case, for example, of the great apes and of the human body. The gorilla and the chimpanzee (Fig. 3) are both tree-climbers and have bulky bodies. But in moving about it is the arms, rather than the legs, which are used. Hence their great length and massive proportions compared with the legs, which are feeble. As regards the human body the reverse is the case; and this because it is the legs, and not the arms, which have to bear the body-weight. We have only to compare the great thickness of the thigh with that of the arm to be convinced of this. The primitive, ape-like man, such as *eoanthropus*, and the great African *cyphanthropus*, walked—as I showed in writing my official Report on *Cyphanthropus* for the British Museum—with a stoop. And this because the buttock and thigh-muscles were still not big enough to pull the body into an upright position. The marvellous beauty of the human body as we see it to-day began to develop when our remote ancestors forsook climbing about in trees and started to become wanderers over the face of the earth. In the long, slender legs of the antelopes we see the results of their adjustments to speed. And we find evidence even more convincing, of the effects of use and disuse, in the seals, sea-lions, and cetacea.

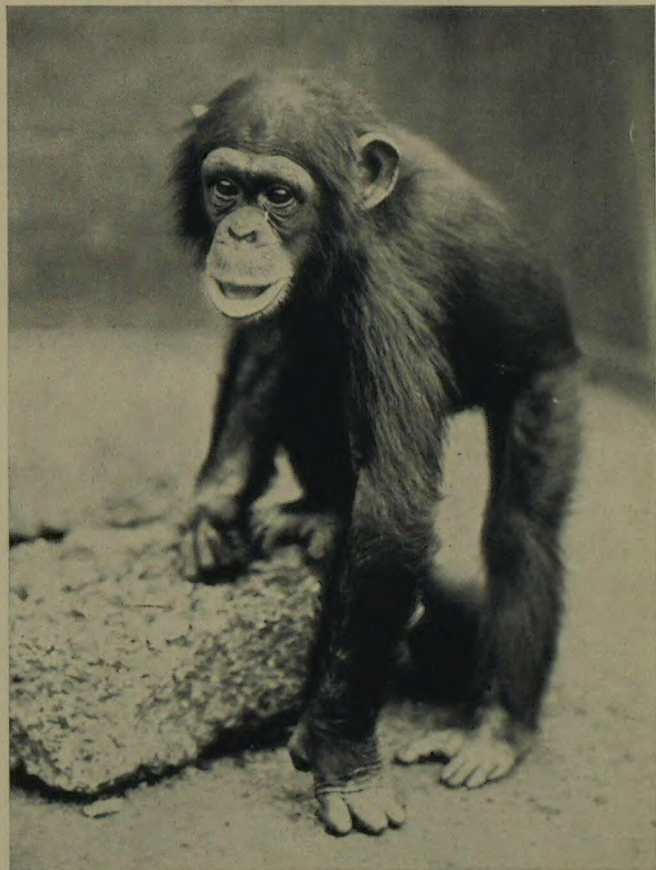
In these groups we find the hind-limbs, from disuse, growing smaller and smaller, till in the cetacea—the whale tribe—they vanish altogether, leaving no more than vestiges embedded in the body-wall beneath the skin.

Among the birds we find this same relationship between use and disuse. In the swifts and humming-birds and the



2. THE CAPE PENGUIN: A BIRD IN WHICH THE LEGS, BEING ONLY USED TO SUPPORT THE BODY ON LAND, HAVE BECOME SO REDUCED IN SIZE THAT LITTLE MORE THAN THE FEET CAN BE SEEN.

animals one cannot explain the mystery as the result of continuously leaping over long grass for the sake of speed. Each of these types shows different modifications of the legs and feet, and some of them are indeed peculiar; but they do not affect the ultimate result—the modification of the body brought about by leaping. We find hind-legs of



3. HAVING ARMS WHICH FAR EXCEED THE LEGS IN SIZE, DUE TO THEIR EXTENSIVE USE FOR SWINGING AMID TREES: THE CHIMPANZEE. The primitive, ape-like man also had longer arms than legs. When man began to take to the ground, the legs had then to bear the weight of the body; hence their great size compared with the arms in modern man.

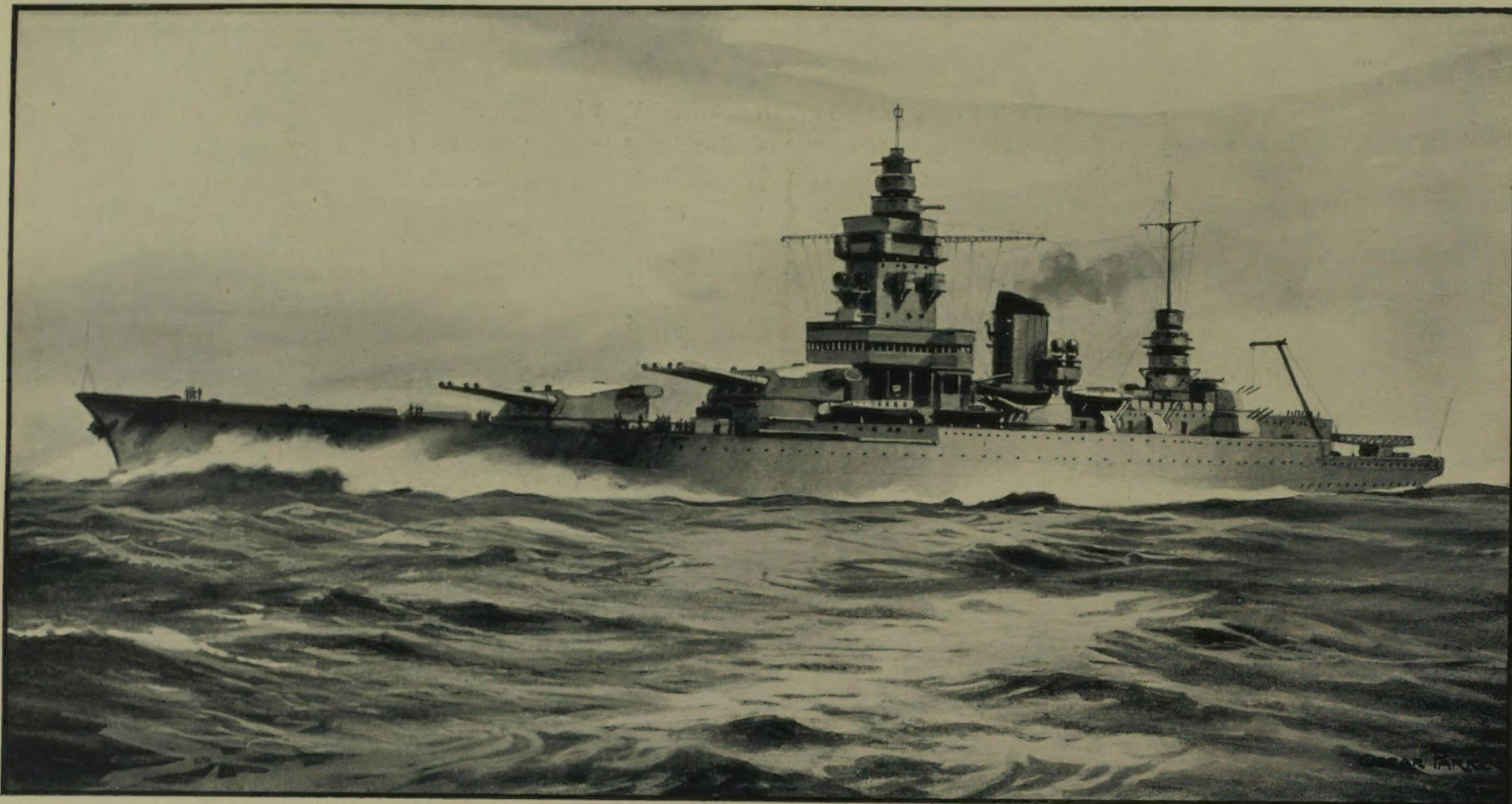
Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.

penguins sometimes have to walk many yards to get to their eggs or young amid a crowded colony, but they walk badly; their wings, not needed for flight, have been transformed into flippers.



# FRENCH AND GERMAN BATTLESHIPS: NEW 35,000-TON VESSELS COMPARED.

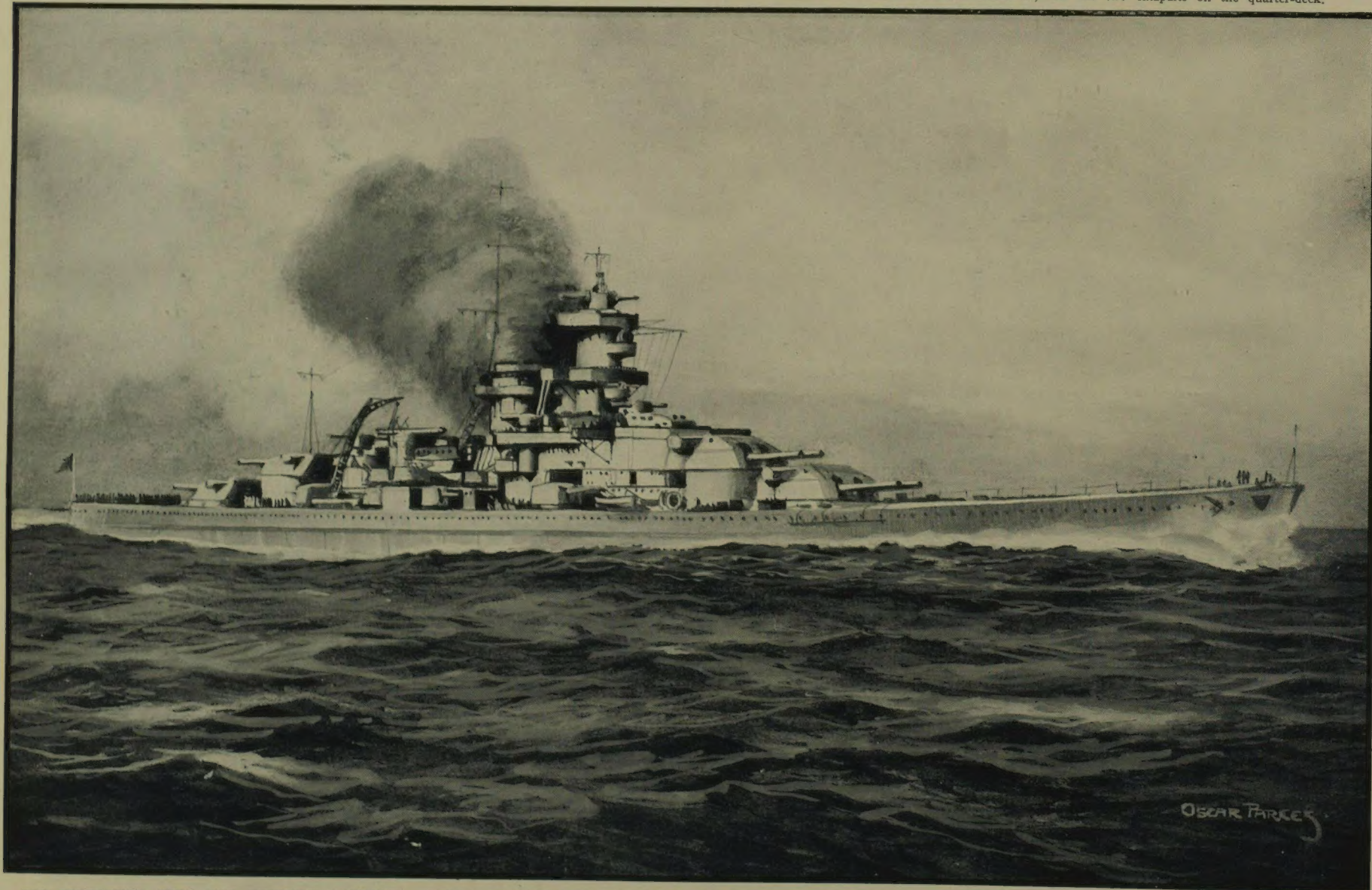
SPECIALY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY DR. OSCAR PARKES, O.B.E.



THE BIGGEST WARSHIP EVER BUILT FOR THE FRENCH NAVY: THE NEW 35,000-TON BATTLESHIP "RICHELIEU," THE FIRST OF A CLASS OF FOUR, WHICH WILL CARRY EIGHT 15-IN. GUNS AND FIFTEEN 6-IN. GUNS AS SECONDARY AND ANTI-AIRCRAFT ARMAMENT.

The "Richelieu," the largest warship ever built for the French Navy, was launched at Brest on January 17 by flooding the dry-dock in which she had been constructed, and a photograph of the event will be found elsewhere in this issue. She is the first of a class of four battleships, designed to the limits of the London Treaty, which will form the backbone of the enlarged French Navy. Displacing 35,000 tons, she and her sister-ships, the "Jean Bart," "Clemenceau," and "Gascogne," will carry eight 15-in. guns in two quadruple turrets forward and fifteen 6-in. guns in triple turrets as

secondary and anti-aircraft armament. In general design they resemble the "Dunkerque," which represented France at the Coronation Review, but they are some 90 ft. longer and carry heavier guns. Developing 155,000 h.p., these ships will be able to steam at more than thirty knots and carry 15,000 tons of armour, which will make them extremely well-protected vessels. Details in the drawing which should be noted are the two four-gun turrets forward; the vast tower mast; the hangar aft with the triple 6-in. turrets above and beside it; and the two catapults on the quarter-deck.



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE RECENTLY LAUNCHED FRENCH BATTLESHIP "RICHELIEU," OF THE SAME TONNAGE: THE NEW CLASS OF GERMAN 35,000-TON BATTLESHIPS, WHICH MOUNT EIGHT 15-IN. GUNS AND FOURTEEN 4.1-IN. A.A. GUNS, GROUPED AMIDSHIPS, AS THEY WILL APPEAR WHEN IN COMMISSION.

The first of Germany's big battleships, the 26,000-ton "Scharnhorst," was recently commissioned and her sister-ship, the "Gneisenau," was completed in September. Germany now has three, and possibly four, capital ships of 35,000 tons under construction, the first of which was laid down in 1936. They will be 90 ft. longer than the "Nelson" and will have a beam of 118 ft.—12 ft. more than the British ship—a width which will allow for a considerable increase in anti-torpedo sub-division of the

hull. The armament of these ships will consist of eight 15-in. guns in twin turrets, twelve 5.9-in. guns in four twin and four single shields, and fourteen 4.1-in. A.A. guns grouped amidships around the base of the funnel. Their protection will be on an exceedingly massive scale and, on completion, they will be better able to endure punishment from gunfire, torpedoes and mines than any other vessel afloat. There will be a hangar abaft the funnel with a catapult at the rear end of the roof.





MRS. GREGORY, BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN, R.A.

A CHARMING FEMININE PORTRAIT AT THE SCOTTISH EXHIBITION;  
SHOWING ISABELLA, THE WIFE OF THE INVENTOR OF THE ONCE  
FAMOUS "GREGORY'S POWDER."

This portrait, one of the series of magnificent Raeburns in the Scottish Art Exhibition at Burlington House, was painted in 1796, when the artist was forty. The identity of the sitter is of some interest, for her husband was no less a person than Professor James Gregory, who gave his name to "Gregory's Powder," a label which will doubtless call up memories of childhood misery and a peculiar, bitter taste to many of our older readers. In point of fact, Professor Gregory's formula was made up of nothing more than rhubarb, magnesia, and ginger. Himself a man of considerable powers, the Professor too often wasted his energies in temporary and irritating controversies; in which he appeared as keen-witted, sarcastic and bitterly personal. Isabella MacLeod was his second wife. They were married in 1796 (the year when this portrait was painted) and were blessed with no fewer than eleven children, of whom five sons and two daughters survived their father at his death in 1821. Mrs. Gregory lived till 1847.

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"ANN, SECOND WIFE OF NORMAN, 22ND CHIEF OF MACLEOD": ONE OF THE FINE ALLAN RAMSAY PORTRAITS IN THE SCOTTISH ART EXHIBITION.

(Lent by Flora, Mrs. MacLeod of MacLeod.)



"NORMAN 22ND CHIEF OF MACLEOD" (1706-1772): AN ALLAN RAMSAY PORTRAIT SHOWING THE CHIEF IN THE RED AND BLACK DICED TREWS AND PLAID WORN WHEN THE TARTAN WAS PROSCRIBED AFTER THE '45.—[Lent by Flora, Mrs. MacLeod of MacLeod.]



"SIR JOHN SINCLAIR, BART." OF ULBSTER (1754-1835), IN THE UNIFORM OF COLONEL OF THE ROTHESAY AND CAITHNESS FENCIBLES; BY SIR HENRY RAE BURN.—[Lent by Major Sir Archibald Sinclair, Bt.]



"THE COCK OF THE NORTH": THE FAMOUS PAINTING BY GEORGE SANDERS, SHOWING GEORGE, FIFTH DUKE OF RICHMOND AND LENNOX, IN FULL HIGH-LAND DRESS.—[Lent by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon.]

OUTSTANDING PORTRAITS IN THE SCOTTISH ART EXHIBITION: TWO RAMSAYS, A RAE BURN, AND A FAMOUS SANDERS.

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# AN EXHIBITION COMMEMORATING THE CENTENARY OF PHOTOGRAPHY : CRIMEAN WAR SCENES AND NOTABLE PORTRAITS AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.

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"A CONVIVIAL PARTY IN THE CAMP OF THE 4TH ROYAL IRISH DRAGOON GUARDS"—A REGIMENT WHICH FOUGHT IN THE HEAVY BRIGADE AT BALAKLAVA: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY ROGER FENTON DURING THE CRIMEAN WAR (1854-56).



"SUNSHINE AND SHADE"; BY F. R. PICKERSGILL, A.R.A.: A PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPOSITION BY AN ARTIST WHO DID NOT DESPISE THE NEW ART (1859).



"A COUNCIL OF WAR ON THE MORNING OF THE TAKING OF MAMELON VERT, 1855": A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROGER FENTON SHOWING LORD RAGLAN, OMAR PASHA AND GENERAL PELISSIER.



"MORTAR BATTERIES IN FRONT OF PICQUET HOUSE, LIGHT DIVISION, SEBASTOPOL": AN INTERESTING RECORD BY ROGER FENTON OF THE SIEGE—WHICH, LASTING NEARLY A YEAR, WAS BROUGHT TO A CLOSE BY THE STORMING OF THE MALAKOFF FORT.



"THE VALLEY OF DEATH AFTER THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE, 1854": A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROGER FENTON IN WHICH RUSSIAN CANNON-BALLS ARE SEEN ON THE GROUND AFTER THE ACTION.



"SIR JOHN HERSCHEL"; BY JULIA MARGARET CAMERON: A PORTRAIT BY THE GREATEST AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE TIME (c. 1864-75).



"SIR WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL": A PORTRAIT BY ROGER FENTON OF THE CRIMEAN WAR CORRESPONDENT OF "THE TIMES," WHO GAVE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE GREAT ASSISTANCE.



"MISS MATILDA RIGBY"; BY DAVID OCTAVIUS HILL AND ROBERT ADAMSON (1843-48): A GOOD EXAMPLE OF A CALOTYPE PORTRAIT.

In connection with the celebration of the centenary of photography it was arranged to open an exhibition of early photographs at the Victoria and Albert Museum on January 25. In our issue of January 14 we reproduced examples of early photographs from W. H. Fox Talbot's book "The Pencil of Nature" (1844), and in our issue of January 21 the first photograph of a news event ever taken and early war photographs of the American Civil War and the Prusso-Danish War of 1864. The

portraits and war photographs shown above form part of the Victoria and Albert Museum exhibition, which will be open for two or three months. Among examples of the work of Julia Margaret Cameron, considered to be the greatest amateur photographer of her time, on view are portraits of Tennyson, Browning, and Sir John Herschel, while early war photographs include those taken during the Crimean War and scenes after the Indian Mutiny.



## "THE POETRY OF THE FOOT."

"THE ROMANTIC BALLET": By CYRIL W. BEAUMONT AND SACHEVERELL SITWELL.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

TWO or three years ago, after a performance at the Mercury Theatre, in Notting Hill, my old friend Mr. Ashley Dukes, who runs the place, unveiled a whole neglected side of early Victorian art to me when he showed me his collection of lithographs of ballerinas. Like everyone else, I had occasionally seen pictures of ballerinas, usually Taglioni or Grisi, in the print-sellers' windows; but I had not, until then, the faintest notion that the whole gallery of ballets and ballet-dancers of the time had been faithfully chronicled by a series of devoted painters and draughtsmen.

The thing is not so remote from us as this book might make it appear. There must be many, apart from myself, who remember the divine toe-dancing of Adeline Genée, in "Coppelia," at the Empire, surrounded by attendant sylphs with waving arms and spreading, diaphanous skirts. Even to-day it is possible to go to Sadler's Wells and recover that old tradition: body and clothing moving rhythmically to the old rhythmical music. But the Russian Ballet crashed in, with its blare and its leaps and its attitudes—all just as exacting to the dancers as the old ballet was, but not so soothing to the audience. But everything comes back if it is good: the revival in Winterhalter would have horrified the last generation; and the time is probably shortly coming when those who, weary of Wagner, rush to Glyndebourne and Mozart, will clamour for a revival of the old set ballet, with a principal dancer and a cloud of pirouetting columbines behind her, in sheer reaction against the attitudinizing fury of the Russians.

This book is chiefly a collection of reproductions, with two prefatory essays by Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell. It is a collector's book, and will certainly increase the number of collectors of this sort of thing. A great part of it is filled up with entries such as this: "ADELE DUMILÂTRE. 118. A Lithograph by and after [John] Brandard;

Adam, arr. Jullien. Vignette 11 x 8½ ins. Published London, Jullien and Co. Dumilâtre, in her character as a statue, is shown—facing the audience—standing on her left *demi-pointe* with the right crossed behind. Her right arm is arched about her head, her left is gracefully at her side. Her head, looking down, is inclined to her left. Petipa stands to the right of the picture, looking towards the statue, with his hands clasped in admiration to his breast.



FANNY CERRITO IN "ONDINE, OU LA NAIADE": ONE OF THE CHARMING OLD LITHOGRAPHS (PUBLISHED IN LONDON IN 1843) WHICH ILLUSTRATE "THE ROMANTIC BALLET."

"The background is formed by the alcove in which the statue is set and each side of the alcove flanked with drawn curtains. The colour of these is a particularly charming shade of blue."

Now, all that sort of thing (and there is a great deal of it in this book) will certainly be of great assistance to collectors of prints who wish to identify their specimens. And so, I suppose, will be Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's characteristically peering and penetrating investigation into plots. "The scene changes into a gloomy cavern in the heart of a forest. It is night and dread witches are grouped about a steaming cauldron, mumbling spells. With the dawn they disappear. It is morning, and James is seen walking alone in the forest seeking the vision, which presently flies to his side. They walk together, at one in their thoughts of love. She summons her sisters, who hover about the happy couple. Then, again, the vision vanishes. The lover is distraught and resolves to seek the aid of the witch. He begs her forgiveness and asks

her counsel. She produces a scarf woven by last night's spells and tells him that if he entwines it about the sylph she will be his. The hag vanishes and the sylph reappears. He invests her with the fatal scarf. Even as he does so, her wings drop from her shoulders and the sylph sinks lifeless to the ground.

Her sisters fly to her side and, taking the still form in their midst, sadly bear it far beyond the tree-tops. The joyful skirl of a bagpipe is heard, and a bridal procession passes through the forest. It is Gwin leading Effie to the altar of the parish church."

Yes, I dare say. There had to be some kind of plot, however ridiculous, to give the dancers a framework for their motions. But the dancer was the thing; as it was with Pavlova, so it was with Taglioni. "How," asks Mr. Sitwell, "did Taglioni dance? The records of eye-witnesses, generally speaking, are couched in terms too ecstatic to be informative, too incoherent to be precise. Lady Blessington, recording her impressions of Taglioni, says: 'She seems to float and bound like a sylph across the stage.' Another contemporary writes: 'Nothing detracted from the pleasure and admiration she aroused. You thought no more of her dancing three hours in succession than you would of a bird flying about flowers. . . . Whichever way she turns there is an expression of beauty—a figure which, could it be fixed in any of its phases, would convey an embodied sentiment to the imagination.'"

I am not quite sure about the exact meaning of that last sentence. But "could it be fixed" is a phrase with a perpetual poignancy to it. Thus thought Chaucer, thus thought Shakespeare, thus thought Goethe's Faust when he cried "Stay, fleeting moment, stay!"

All this gallery of girls, crowned with roses, entering whisperingly on tip-toe, noting, flirting, refusing, accepting, now surrendering, now elusive, they are all long gone: and all in their dances symbolised human life, the comedy and the tragedy of it.

And, I dare say, a hundred years hence other industrious searchers in the past for lost things will find even in our own day things which we have overlooked, or taken merely as passing fun, which will survive



TAGLIONI AS LA SYLPHIDE, THE MOST FAMOUS OF HER RÔLES: ONE OF A SERIES OF LITHOGRAPHS PUBLISHED IN 1845.

"[ADÉLE] DUMILÂTRE and [LUCIEN] PETIPA in THE MARBLE MAIDEN. Dec Title in colour to Grand Quadrille from *The Marble Maiden*, by Adolphe

\* "The Romantic Ballet," in *Lithographs of the Time*. By Cyril W. Beaumont and Sacheverell Sitwell. Illustrated. (Faber and Faber; 50s.)



MARIE PAUL TAGLIONI, A NIECE OF THE CELEBRATED MARIE TAGLIONI; AS THÉA, IN THE BALLET "LA FÉE AU FLEURS."

as the protest of mankind against brute Nature. This is a delightful book, and, like most of the delightful books of our day, a little too expensive for ordinary people to buy. For the first (and, I dare say, the last) time in my life I shall use the stock reviewer's phrase: "Get it from your library."



# THE GLAMOUR OF FAMOUS BALLERINAS WHO ENCHANTED OUR FOREFATHERS.

IN "The Romantic Ballet," the work from which these charming lithographs of ballerinas are reproduced, Mr. Cyril W. Beaumont notes: "The Romantic ballet began in 1832 with the production of 'La Sylphide' and ends with the late 'forties. . . . The story of 'La Sylphide' devised by the famous tenor, Adolphe Nourrit, was based on a fantastic tale by Charles Nodier—'Trilby; ou Le Lutin d'Argail'—published in 1822. It is the story of a Scots fisherman and his wife whose happiness is destroyed by the visitations of a beautiful male sprite. . . . It was

*Continued opposite.*

# OLD LITHOGRAPHS OF TAGLIONI, FANNY ELSSLER, GRISI, AND THEIR SUCCESSORS.

first produced at the Paris Opera on March 12, 1832, with Marie Taglioni in the title-rôle." Incidentally, it seems Taglioni was not beautiful: her figure was said to be "a little flat, her arms were long." In contrast to Taglioni's ethereal dancing, Fanny Elssler impersonated much more earthly passions. Her first appearance was as Florinda in "Le Diable Boiteux." Carlotta Grisi partook of the natures of both Taglioni and Elssler. She scored her first triumph in "Giselle,"



PAULINE DUVERNAY IN "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY OF THE WOOD."



ADELINE PLUNKETT.



TAGLIONI IN "LA SYLPHIDE," THE FIRST "ROMANTIC BALLET."



ADELE DUMILÂTRE AS LA DIANE CHASSERESSE.



FANNY ELSSLER IN "LA VOLIÈRE."



FLORA FABBRI IN "LE DIABLE À QUATRE."



LOUISE FLEURY IN "LA JOLIE FILLE DE GAND."



CARLOTTA GRISI IN "GISELLE."



MARIE GUY STÉPHAN IN "LAS BOLERAS DE CADIZ."



## REGULARS AND TERRITORIALS STUDYING ANTI-AIRCRAFT DEFENCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE.



AT THE SCHOOL OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT DEFENCE, BIGGIN HILL, PRIMARILY DEVOTED TO TRAINING REGULAR AND TERRITORIAL SEARCHLIGHT INSTRUCTORS: THE "SIGHTING NUMBER" ON THE MARK VIII. SOUND-LOCATOR AT WORK.



A SMALLER TYPE OF SOUND-LOCATOR IN ACTION: THE MAN ON THE LEFT ASCERTAINING THE ELEVATION, THE MAN IN THE CENTRE THE DIRECTION OF THE AIRCRAFT; AND THE MAN ON THE RIGHT USING THE SIGHT.



SIGHTING ON THE SOUND-LOCATOR: A WARRANT OFFICER INSTRUCTING TWO TERRITORIAL OFFICERS IN THE METHOD OF EMPLOYING THE SIGHT.



WORKING IN A SPECIALLY DESIGNED "EASY CHAIR": A SPOTTER SCANNING THE SKIES IN ORDER TO PICK UP APPROACHING ENEMY AIRCRAFT.



FINDING THE POSITION OF APPROACHING AIRCRAFT IN THE SKY BY TURNING THEIR RECEIVERS UNTIL THE NOISE OF THE ENGINES SOUNDS EQUALLY LOUD IN BOTH EARS: THE TWO LISTENERS ON A MARK VIII. SOUND-LOCATOR.

At the moment the question of the organisation of the various branches of National Service is being widely discussed, following the issue of the National Service booklet, in which the scope and needs of the various duties that the citizen may volunteer

for are fully set out. On these pages we illustrate an essential part of the training of the Territorial forces, who are entrusted with the anti-aircraft defence of this country. The recent progress of the Territorial Army has been most gratifying. In numbers it now exceeds the Regular Army. On January 1 it was up to 88.9 of its establishment, as a whole. Five divisions had over 100 per cent. of their establishment. The London Division headed the list with 109.6, and the 1st Anti-Aircraft Division, recruited from the London area, had 103.8 per cent. The School of Anti-Aircraft Defence at Biggin Hill, Kent; is one of the most important instructional centres of the British Regular and Territorial Armies. Devoted to problems of defence against attacking aircraft, the Searchlight Wing of the School has the primary purpose of training instructors for the searchlight units of the Forces. Owing to the rapid increase in the number of Territorial anti-aircraft units, the School is principally engaged at present in training the instructors for and the personnel of recently converted or re-equipped battalions. All Regular officers and N.C.O.s posted as adjutants or as permanent staff instructors to anti-aircraft units of the Territorial

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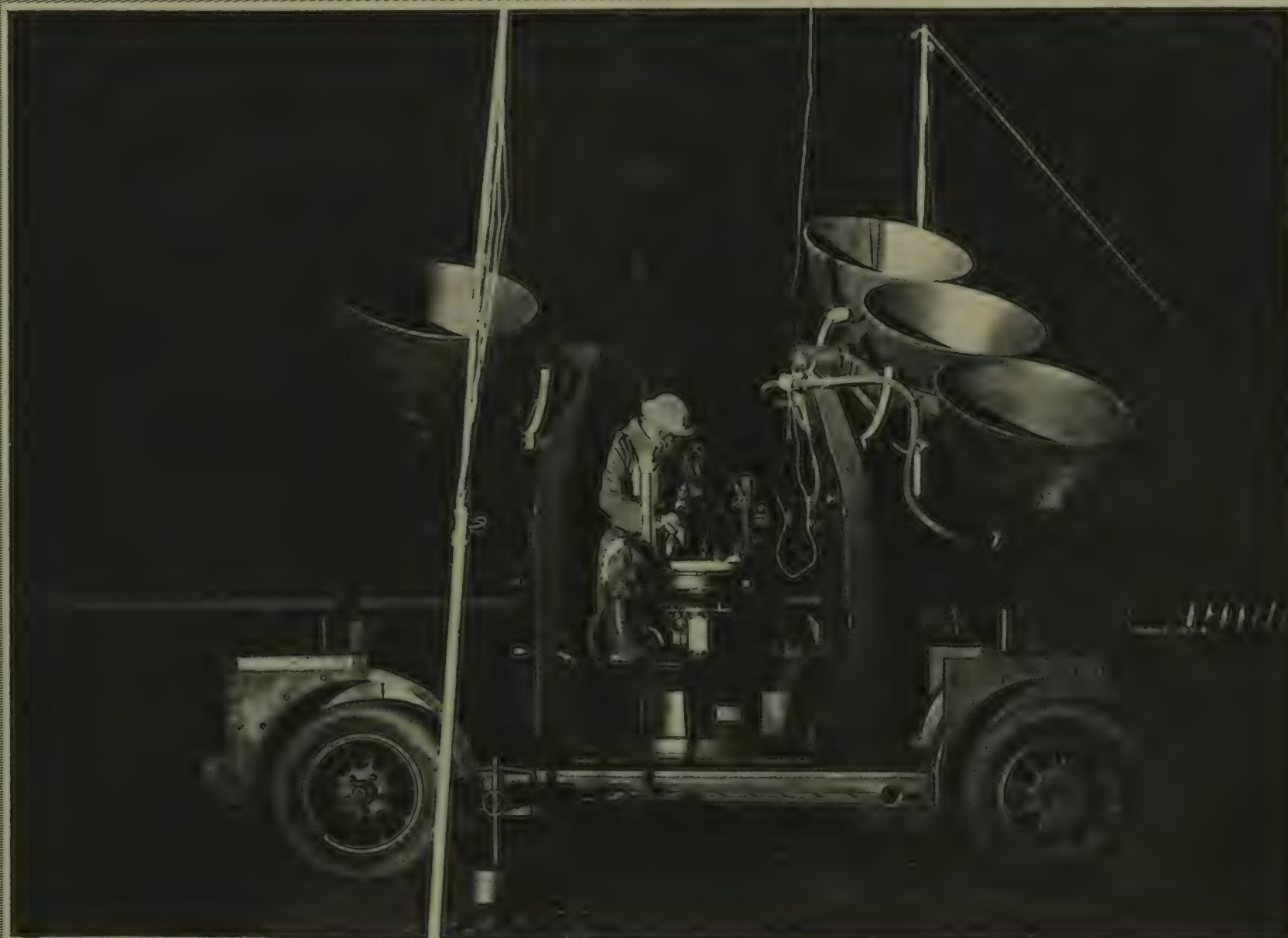


## DETECTING AIRCRAFT BY MEANS OF SOUND-LOCATOR AND SEARCHLIGHT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE.



SEARCHLIGHT WORK AT THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT DEFENCE SCHOOL, BIGGIN HILL: THE OPERATOR OF THE SEARCHLIGHT (RIGHT), WHO TRAVERSES BY WALKING ROUND WITH THE ARM, AND ELEVATES BY MEANS OF THE WHEEL ON THE END OF THE ARM; AND THE MAN WHO ATTENDS TO THE ELECTRIC ARC.



THE MARK VIII., THE LATEST PATTERN OF BRITISH SOUND-LOCATOR IN USE; WITH THE "SIGHTING NUMBER" (SHOWN CLOSE UP ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE) SEATED IN THE CENTRE OF THE BIG INSTRUMENT WHICH IS USED TO GIVE THE SEARCHLIGHTS THE POSITION OF APPROACHING RAIDERS.

(Continued.)

Army attend courses here before taking up their appointments. As the duties of the various members of the searchlight detachment are diverse, there are many different subjects. They include the management of the electric arc and the care

and attention of the searchlight lamp; the selection of listeners, the improvement of their "binaural sense" and the use of the sound-locator; the duties of the projector controller and of the section officer and detachment commander.



## NAVAL EVENTS : NEW WARSHIPS OF THE POWERS.

On another page in this issue we reproduce a drawing showing the appearance of the new French 35,000-ton battleship, "Richelieu," when completed. This warship was constructed in a dry dock at Brest and was "launched" on January 17 in the presence of M. Campinchi, Minister of Marine. The dock was filled with water and, after the wife of a workman employed on the ship's construction had cut a ribbon connecting it to the dockside, the "Richelieu" was towed out to the fitting-out basin.—The 1690-ton destroyer "Kipling" was launched on the Clyde by Mrs. Bambridge, daughter of Rudyard Kipling, on January 19. This ship is one of the "Javelin" class of fourteen such vessels, all of which are due to be completed this year. A sister ship, H.M.S. "Kelvin," was launched on the same day.—A new German 10,000-ton cruiser, the "Seydlitz," was launched at Bremen on January 19 in the presence of General-Admiral Raeder, Commander-in-Chief of the German Navy. The "Seydlitz" will be armed with eight 8-in. guns mounted in four twin turrets.



THE "LAUNCHING" OF THE FIRST FRENCH 35,000-TON BATTLESHIP: THE "RICHELIEU" AFTER SHE HAD BEEN FLOATED OUT OF THE DRY DOCK IN WHICH SHE HAD BEEN CONSTRUCTED AT BREST. (Keystone.)



H.M.S. "KIPLING" LAUNCHED BY MRS. BAMBRIDGE, DAUGHTER OF RUDYARD KIPLING: THE NEW 1690-TON DESTROYER, ONE OF A CLASS OF FOURTEEN SUCH VESSELS, SLIDING DOWN THE WAYS INTO THE CLYDE. (Planet News.)



NAMED AFTER THE BATTLE-CRUISER IN THE OLD HIGH SEAS FLEET: THE GERMAN CRUISER "SEYDLITZ," WHICH WILL BE ARMED WITH EIGHT 8-IN. GUNS IN FOUR TURRETS, AFTER HER LAUNCH AT BREMEN. (S. and G.)

## AIR EVENTS : A DISASTER AND R.A.F. TRAINING.



AN AIR DISASTER IN WHICH THREE PERSONS WERE KILLED: THE IMPERIAL AIRWAYS FLYING-BOAT "CAVALIER," WHICH WAS FORCED DOWN ON THE SEA WHILE FLYING FROM NEW YORK TO BERMUDA. (A.P.)



SHOWING THE SPLASH MADE BY A TORPEDO DROPPED FROM THE AIR: AIRCRAFT FROM THE R.A.F. TORPEDO BOMBING TRAINING SCHOOL AT GOSPORT PRACTISING WITH DUMMY TORPEDOES OVER STOKES BAY. (Fox.)



THE FIRST AMERICAN AIRCRAFT ORDERED FOR TRAINING PURPOSES ARRIVES IN ENGLAND: PILOTS AT GRANTHAM PREPARING TO TAKE OFF ON THEIR FIRST FLIGHT IN THE "HARVARD" TYPE OF MACHINE AFTER ITS ASSEMBLY. (Keystone.)

While on a flight from New York to Bermuda on January 21 the Imperial Airways flying-boat "Cavalier" was forced down on the sea and wrecked. There were thirteen persons aboard, including eight passengers, ten of whom were rescued, suffering from exposure and shock, by the tanker "Esso Baytown," ten hours after the wireless message, stating the machine was sinking, had been sent out. Two passengers and the steward were believed to have perished and the wreckage of the flying-boat sank shortly after the rescue.—During the recent visit of the British Air Mission to the U.S.A. two hundred aircraft for advanced training duties were ordered. The "Harvard" type of machine was chosen and the first of these has now been delivered at No. 12 Flying Training School, at Grantham, where it is being used for intermediate and advanced training of pilots on single-engine aircraft. The machine is a normal low-wing monoplane fitted with slots and flaps, a retractable undercarriage and a constant speed airscrew. Our photograph shows pilots preparing to make their first flight in the "Harvard" after its assembly at the aerodrome.



## SUBJECTED TO AN AERIAL BLOCKADE: BARCELONA, THE CATALAN CAPITAL.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.



THE NATIONALIST OBJECTIVE ON THE CATALAN FRONT: A PICTORIAL MAP OF BARCELONA, WITH ITS HARBOUR, WHICH HAS BEEN REPEATEDLY BOMBED; AND (INSET) A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE CITY AS SEEN FROM THE HARBOUR.

The rapid advance of the Nationalist forces in Catalonia, with Barcelona as an objective, lends additional interest to this drawing of the Catalan capital, and the photograph (inset) of its harbour. As the attack developed, men over military age were sent from the city to assist in strengthening the lines of defence. On January 21 Nationalist air raids on Barcelona were intensified in an effort to establish an air blockade and thus prevent the arrival of foodstuffs and other necessities for the population. Within thirty-one hours from that date, nineteen air raids were made by German-type bombers and fighters, which were later joined by Italian machines from

Majorca. Owing to the nearness of the front line, the Government fighter aircraft were available for protection of the city, and at times more than fifty machines were engaged in aerial combat. On January 22, the authorities ordered all shops and factories not engaged on war production to close, and the men and women employees were sent out to dig defences to protect the capital. On January 23, British subjects were advised to leave, and the destroyer "Greyhound" and the cruiser "Devonshire" were made ready to evacuate them. Thirteen air raids were made throughout the day, and five British ships were hit and the port extensively damaged.



## THE RAPID NATIONALIST ADVANCE ON BARCELONA: A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF THE FIGHTING ON THE CATALAN FRONT.



THE NATIONALIST COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF WATCHES THE PROGRESS OF HIS GREAT OFFENSIVE ON THE CATALAN FRONT: GENERAL FRANCO SURVEYING THE FIELD OF BATTLE FROM A VANTAGE POINT DURING THE 15TH. (Herald)



PROVIDING STRIKING EVIDENCE FROM THE EXPOSED POSITION OF THE GUNS OF THE WEAKNESS OF THE GOVERNMENT AIR FORCE: A NATIONALIST BATTERY IN ACTION DURING THE CATALAN OFFENSIVE. (A.P.)



THE CROSSING OF THE RIVER SEGRE, ON THE CATALAN FRONT: NATIONALIST ENGINEERS CONSTRUCTING A PONTOON BRIDGE TO FACILITATE THE PASSAGE OF SUPPLIES; SHOWING THE LAST SECTION BEING PLACED IN POSITION. (A.P.)



SHOWING (ON THE LEFT) A BRIDGE BLOWN UP BY THE RETREATING GOVERNMENT TROOPS: A PONTOON BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER SEGRE CONSTRUCTED BY NATIONALIST ENGINEERS, WITH A CONVOY OF LORRIES CARRYING FOOD SUPPLIES. (A.P.)



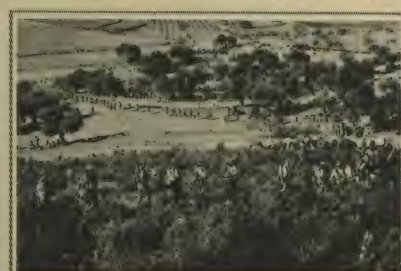
THE ITALIAN LEGION ON THE CATALAN FRONT: THE DRIVER OF AN ITALIAN LIGHT TANK REPORTING TO A FIELD WIRELESS STATION OF THE LEGION DURING THE ADVANCE ON TARRAGONA. (Herald)



SHOWING THE TYPE OF SOLDIER IN THE NATIONALIST FORCES: TROOPS RESTING AFTER THE CAPTURE OF GRANADELLA DURING THE ADVANCE INTO CATALUNYA, THEIR EQUIPMENT BEARING TRACES OF THE HARSHNESS OF THE CAMPAIGN. (A.P.)



MOVING ACROSS OPEN COUNTRY TO ESTABLISH CONTACT WITH THE RETREATING GOVERNMENT TROOPS: A NATIONALIST CAVALRY PATROL IN EXTENDED FORMATION DURING THE CATALAN OFFENSIVE, WITH AN ADVANCED GUARD OF AIRCRAFT OVERHEAD. (Reynolds)



THE NATIONALIST ADVANCE ON TARRAGONA: TROOPS MOVING IN SINGLE FILE THROUGH A VALLEY DURING THE GREAT DRIVE WHICH RESULTED IN THE CAPTURE OF THE TOWN. (Reynolds)



THE CAPTURE OF TARRAGONA: NATIONALIST SUPPORTERS SERVING OUT BREAD TO THE RAGER CIVILIAN POPULATION AFTER THE FALL OF THE TOWN—A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH DEMONSTRATES THE SCARCITY OF FOOD IN GOVERNMENT TERRITORY. (A.P.)



APPEALING TO GOVERNMENT TROOPS TO MAKE A STAND AGAINST THE ADVANCING NATIONALIST FORCES: A POLITICAL COMMISSAR IN BARCELONA, STRENGTHENING THE MORALE OF REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE FRONT LINE. (Reynolds)



THE OCCUPATION OF BORJAS BLANCAS BY THE NATIONALISTS: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING A BOMB-PROOF SHELTER (RIGHT) BUILT INTO THE ROAD BY GOVERNMENT TROOPS AS A PROTECTION IN AIR-RAIDS. (Herald)

General Franco launched his great offensive on the Catalan front on December 23 and since that date the Nationalist forces have made steady progress towards their objective, Barcelona. On January 13 a general attack was made over a hundred-mile-long front, with the greatest pressure exerted in the Montblanch sector, north of Tarragona. Here the Italian Legion and the Navarre and Moorish forces overwhelmed the Government defences, which had been bombed and shelled incessantly. The Nationalist superiority in the air has been of great advantage during the offensive, for the aircraft have

been used for reconnoitring ahead of advanced cavalry patrols when contact has been lost with the retreating Government troops, and the protection afforded by them has enabled the guns to take up positions in the open without fear of being observed from the air. The artillery bombardments have also been on a very large scale, for it was recently reported that over 30,000 shells were being fired daily on the Government positions. On January 15 the important port of Tarragona was captured and arrangements were immediately made for feeding the population of the town, who eagerly

surrounded the lorries from which bread was distributed. The successes in this sector shortened the front by some seventy-five miles, and the Nationalist forces pushed on to Cervera, which they also captured. Two fortified lines then remained between the advancing troops and the Catalan capital and against these were concentrated squadrons of bombers and heavy shell-fire. On January 22 the important town of Igualda was taken, regarded as the key position to the outermost port of defences, and by the evening the troops advancing from Tarragona were within twenty-five miles of Barcelona, while

the Government troops had withdrawn to the fortified line running from Solsona to Manresa. This had been strengthened by civilians from the capital, who had been employed digging trenches and dug-outs. On January 23 Nationalist troops were only ten miles from Barcelona, and attacks were being made in the direction of Manresa and Solsona, with the purpose of cutting Catalonia's communications with the French frontier. Our photographs show various aspects of this momentous Nationalist advance, while on another page we give a pictorial map of Barcelona.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: PICTORIAL NEWS FROM HOME AND ABROAD.



WORK IN THE NEW SENIOR WING OF THE STAFF COLLEGE AT MINLEY MANOR, OPENED BY THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER: OFFICERS STUDYING A MECHANISED WARFARE PROBLEM. The Duke of Gloucester officially opened the new building of the Army Staff College, Minley Manor, on January 23. Minley Manor is to be used for the senior wing of the Staff College, the present Staff College at Camberley becoming the Junior College. In his opening speech H.R.H. said that the senior wing had been formed to give full training to officers likely to be selected for higher Staff appointments. The new course would be taken by graduates from the junior wings at Camberley and Quetta. (A.P.)



FLOODS IN THE MIDLANDS: LARGE AREAS UNDER WATER NEAR WELLINGBOROUGH, NORTH-AMPTONSHIRE, WITH A RAILWAY ON THE RIGHT, AND AN ISOLATED FARM IN THE CENTRE. The high gales and torrential rain which have been sweeping parts of the British Isles, caused many rivers to overflow their banks and spread over the surrounding country. The Thames, the Ouse, the Great Ouse, the Severn and the Medway were affected; thousands of acres came under water; roads were impassable; and in many parts—notably the West Country—the flood-level of submerged roads rose to three and four feet. The Thames, swollen by spring tides and rain, was three feet above normal. (Fox.)

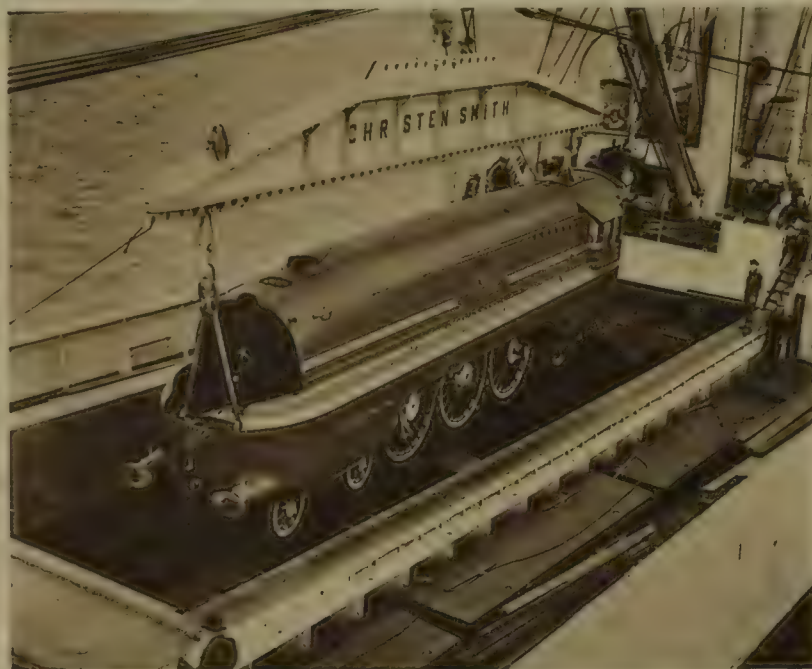


HERR HITLER'S TABLE IN HIS WORKROOM IN THE NEW REICH CHANCELLERY, BERLIN: AN APARTMENT, 81 FT. LONG, WITH A PORTRAIT OF BISMARCK OVER THE FIREPLACE. Outstanding among the great buildings with which Herr Hitler is adorning Berlin is the new Reich Chancellery. This has been extended through the whole length of a street, and it is claimed it is the largest Chancellery in the world. Herr Hitler's own workroom is 81 feet in length, 44 feet wide, and 30 feet high. The imposing exterior of the new building was illustrated in our issue of Jan. 14. Photograph: Hoffman I.G.P.



A PORCUPINE "REGISTERS" ANGER BEFORE THE TELEVISION CAMERA: THE ANIMAL WHICH RAISED ITS QUILLS DEFENSIVELY WHEN A RECORD OF ITS CALL WAS PLAYED.

An interesting experiment was tried out by Mr. James Fisher, Assistant Curator of the London Zoo, when he took some animals to the Television Studio at Alexandra Palace, put them in front of the camera, and played a record of their calls, to test their reactions. "Maisie," the porcupine, was the only one which showed any sensitiveness, raising her quills angrily. A panda, an Australian wild dog, a baby crocodile, and a red fox ignored the sound. (G.P.U.)



THE "CORONATION SCOT" TO VISIT THE U.S.A.: THE ENGINE OF THE FAMOUS L.M.S. TRAIN BEING SHIPPED ABOARD A MOTOR-VESSEL AT SOUTHAMPTON.

The L.M.S. train, the "Coronation Scot," is crossing the Atlantic to make a tour of America. This is the first British streamlined train to go abroad. The "Coronation Scot" will make a tour of over 3000 miles upon the railways of the U.S.A., and be exhibited at the World's Fair, New York. The cities to be visited include Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburg, Chicago, Detroit, Buffalo, Boston and New York. (C.P.)



THE INAUGURATION OF THE DIET OF SLOVAKIA: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING MEMBERS OF THE GOVERNMENT IN THE UNIFORM OF THE FASCIST HLINKA PARTY.

The inaugural session of the Slovak Diet was held on January 18. The elections for the Diet took place in December upon Fascist lines. Only one party, the Hlinka Party, was allowed to present candidates. In Western Slovakia it was stated that 100 per cent. of the electors voted for the Government. The uniformed Fascist Hlinka Guards played a prominent part in election propaganda. The Hlinka Guard has absorbed Social Democratic and Catholic organisations. (Universal.)



## THE ST. IVES LIFEBOAT DISASTER: VICTIMS; THE SOLE SURVIVOR; AND THE WRECKED BOAT.



MEMBERS OF THE CREW OF THE ST. IVES LIFEBOAT, PHOTOGRAPHED ON A VISIT TO LONDON TO RECEIVE DECORATIONS; WITH COXSWAIN T. COCKING (LEFT), AND M. BARBER, J. B. COCKING, J. THOMAS AND W. BARBER (RESPECTIVELY THIRD, FOURTH, FIFTH, AND EIGHTH FROM LEFT)—WHO LOST THEIR LIVES. (Keystone.)



THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE ST. IVES LIFEBOAT DISASTER; WILLIAM FREEMAN, A VOLUNTEER, BEING CARRIED TO HIS HOME IN ST. IVES. G.P.U.



THE WRECKED ST. IVES LIFEBOAT (WHICH HAD BEEN LOANED FROM PADSTOW) ON THE ROCKS AFTER THE DISASTER; WITH THE GODREVY LIGHTHOUSE SEEN IN THE DISTANCE. (Keystone.)



THE INTERIOR OF THE LIFEBOAT: A MASS OF WRECKAGE AMONG WHICH W. FREEMAN MANAGED TO SAVE HIMSELF BY CLINGING TO THE STEERING-WHEEL. (Keystone.)



THE EFFECTS OF THE MERCILESS SEAS WHICH TWICE CAPSIZED THE BOAT, AND THEN DROVE IT ON TO THE ROCKS: A CLOSER VIEW OF THE WRECKED "JOHN AND SARAH ELIZA STYCH," WHICH HAD HER SKIN TORN OPEN AND SUFFERED OTHER SEVERE DAMAGE. (Central Press.)

The worst lifeboat disaster since the Rye Harbour disaster, in 1928, occurred on January 23, when, with one exception, the whole of the crew of the St. Ives lifeboat lost their lives. The boat was called out about 2.30 a.m., because an unknown steamer was said to be in a dangerous position off Cape Cornwall, and the Sennen lifeboat could not be launched. A violent N.N.W. gale was blowing, with a wind velocity of 90 m.p.h. After going about a mile the lifeboat capsized and four of the crew were thrown into the raging sea. They were not seen again. Then the boat drifted helplessly in the gale towards Godrevy and capsized again.

This time three other members of the crew were lost, but W. Freeman, a fisherman and a volunteer, clung desperately to the steering-wheel, and when the boat was driven on to the rocks he was able to get clear and scramble up to safety. After a long climb over slippery cliffs he arrived exhausted at a farm. The men who lost their lives were: T. Cocking (coxswain), his son, J. B. Cocking, and his son-in-law, R. Q. Stevens, the first engineer; two brothers, Matthew Barber (second coxswain) and William Barber; John Thomas, and Edgar Bassett. All were fishermen and married men. Bassett was a volunteer.



# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By CHARLES E. BYLES.

**H**ISTORICAL topography is a subject which can be either faintly boring or else intensely seductive, according as the locality in question recalls old memories and congenial associations, or otherwise. From time to time I have dealt here with various volumes of the L.C.C. Survey of London, and being myself a Londoner of long standing and migratory habits, with residential experience of many districts, I have found them all very interesting. Few of them, however, have touched me more nearly than the latest instalment (about a region near my present abode)—namely, Volume XIX., "OLD ST. PANCRAS AND KENTISH TOWN" (The Parish of St. Pancras, Part II.). By Percy W. Lovell, F.S.A., and W. McB. Marcham, authors of Part I., "The Village of Highgate." With 117 Plates and 12 Text Illustrations (published by the London County Council at the County Hall, and obtainable there or through any bookseller. Price one guinea; post free, 21s. 9d.). Very important to an understanding of the text is the historical sketch-map of St. Pancras facing the first page of the introduction. The illustrations, too, are particularly informative, especially a panorama of the Highgate and Kentish Town roads, reproduced in over twenty sectional drawings. This is the work of J. F. King, an official at Somerset House about 1820-30.

The general scope of this volume and its chief points of interest can best be indicated by quoting the official summary. (In these exalted circles I dare not apply the popular publishing term!) "Two important ecclesiastical monuments," we read, "are dealt with in this volume—Old St. Pancras Church and St. Katharine's Chapel, Regent's Park. The latter contains medieval fittings brought from the original chapel on the site of St. Katharine's Docks, Stepney, and the grotesque and quaint carvings form the subject of a number of interesting plates. Queen Mary is patron of the chapel and has taken a great interest in the preservation of its monuments; it is, therefore, appropriate that this volume should be dedicated to her. The remarkable panoramic drawings of James Frederic King show St. Pancras as it was before the coming of the railways. These drawings, the originals of which are in St. Pancras Public Library, are here reproduced in full, while Mr. King's informative notes, with their quaint grammar and diction, are repeated in the text with a valuable commentary by Mr. Marcham." There is to be a third St. Pancras volume, about the southern part of this parish, including the Foundling site and Fitzroy Square.

To enjoy topography one needs a certain amount of imagination, especially when time has wrought drastic changes in the aspect of a place. When I pass through Chalk Farm as it is to-day, for example, I find it difficult to picture the hero of Trafalgar, as a young naval officer, visiting relatives in their country houses thereabouts. Two of Nelson's uncles dwelt on the west side of the road to Kentish Town and Highgate, and their houses appear in the above-mentioned panorama of that road. Regarding them we read: "The residence No. 10 stands at a pleasant distance from the Road, near the Castle Inn, occupied by Mr. King, the father of the Artist who pens this Sketch. It was formerly the residence of William Suckling, esquire, Lord Nelson's uncle, and was often visited by that great naval officer at intervals from public service, who took much pleasure in Horticulture, and planted several shrubs in the garden, also some extraordinary box-trees, preserved with great care by Mr. King, who experienced much satisfaction in showing them to his friends. At the back of his residence is Primrose Hill, a place of daily resort for its delightful prospect. . . . William Suckling, brother of Admiral Nelson's mother, was born on 15th July, 1720, and buried at Barsham Church, Beccles, 26th December 1798, in the 69th year of his age. His wife was Mary, daughter of Thomas Rumsey of Kentish Town." A few pages further on is mentioned "No. 44. The seat of G. Rose, esquire, solr., formerly occupied by J. Suckling, esquire, Uncle to Lord Nelson. The whole space is cleared away and three substantial Villas built upon the site. Thomas King, father of the artist J. F. King, lived here (Grove Cottage) after Mr. Suckling." It would be interesting to know, by the way, whether the Nelsonian Sucklings claimed descent from the seventeenth-century poet of that ilk.

We hear a good deal about these kinsfolk of the great Admiral, though not about their London homes, in "NELSON'S WIFE." The First Biography of Frances Herbert, Viscountess Nelson. By E. M. Keate, M.B.E.

With 9 Half-Tone Illustrations (Cassell; 12s. 6d.). As it was one of the above-mentioned uncles, William Suckling, who financed Nelson at the time of his marriage, it is worth while recalling some family details given in this book. "It was in March 1784," we read, "that Captain Horatio Nelson was appointed to the *Boreas* frigate and sailed for the West Indies. His life is so well-known that it seems hardly necessary to repeat that he was born on Sept. 29, 1758 . . . and was the fifth son of Edmund Nelson, rector of the parish of Burnham Thorpe, in Norfolk. His mother was Catherine Suckling, a great-niece of Sir Robert Walpole. It is interesting to remember that two such utterly dissimilar men, Horatio Nelson and Horace Walpole, were both called after their mutual relative, Horatio Walpole, the brother of Sir Robert."



THE DISCOVERY OF A PREHISTORIC VILLAGE IN THE ORKNEYS, SIMILAR TO THE FAMOUS SKARA BRAE; AND DATING FROM C. 1500 B.C.: A CHAMBER WITH LINTELS OF A DRAIN SEEN IN THE FOREGROUND; A HEARTH IN THE CENTRE; A STONE BED ON THE LEFT, WITH A STONE BOX BEYOND IT; AND A COMMUNICATION DOOR LEADING TO ANOTHER CHAMBER IN THE CENTRE BACKGROUND; FOUND AT RINYO, ROUSAY.



WHERE THE PREHISTORIC DWELLERS ON ROUSAY COOKED AND BAKED: A HEARTH (RIGHT) AND A CLAY OVEN FOUND AT RINYO; THE HEARTH HAVING A HOLE IN IT FOR A COOKING POT, THE STONE LID OF WHICH IS SEEN LYING BESIDE THE HOLE. Great interest was aroused by the announcement that a complete Stone Age village of the same character as the famous Skara Brae had been discovered at Rinyo, on Rousay, Orkney. Although the precise age of the Skara Brae community could not be determined, at Rinyo the finding of part of a beaker has made it possible to date the site as somewhere about 1500 B.C. These neolithic dwellers on Europe's outer rim did not live in uncomfortable "pit-dwellings," but in commodious houses of stone, provided with bed-recesses, built dressers, and even a complex system of drains. The excavations were undertaken by Mr. Walter G. Grant, with whom Professor V. Gordon Childe was associated. It is expected that the site will take six years to explore fully.

Several letters written by Nelson from on board the "*Boreas*" in the West Indies relate to his approaching marriage and give glowing accounts of his future bride. She was Mrs. Nisbet, the young widow of a doctor in the West Indian island of Nevis. Her husband had died and was buried at Salisbury, during a visit to England for his health, and she had then returned to the West Indies, to the home of her uncle, Mr. Herbert, President of Nevis, who had brought her up. Describing her to Mr. Suckling, in 1785, Nelson writes: "Her personal accomplishments you will suppose I think equal to any person's I ever saw; but without vanity, her mental accomplishments are

superior to most people's of either sex; and we shall come together as two persons most sincerely attached to each other from friendship. . . . Thus circumstanced, who can I apply to but to you? The regard you have ever expressed for me leads me to hope you will do something. My future happiness, I give you my honour, is now in your power; if you cannot afford to give me anything for ever, you will, I am sure, trust to me, that if ever I can afford it, I will return it to some part of your family. . . . Don't disappoint me, or my heart will break." Nelson's appeal was successful, for his uncle helped him liberally. At this time Nelson was also writing enthusiastic letters about his bride to his brother, the Rev. William Nelson, and it is clear from these letters that he felt the deepest affection for her. The marriage eventually took place on March 11, 1787, at Mr. Herbert's house, "Montpelier," Nevis. The bride was given away by Prince William Henry (afterwards King William IV.), who was a lifelong friend of Nelson, and after his death befriended his widow.

It is indeed amazing that, as the author claims, her book is actually the first biography of Nelson's wife, considering the amount of literature evoked by his association with Lady Hamilton. The present biographer, who is obviously "on the side of the angels," is a great-great-niece of a famous London surgeon of Chelsea Hospital, Mr. Thomas Keate, who attended Nelson after he lost his arm at Tenerife in 1797. "Many people," she writes, "hardly realise there was a Lady Nelson. Yet she married him in 1787, and they did not actually part until 1801—not five years before his death at Trafalgar. It is distinctly characteristic that she has remained during all these years practically *incognita*. It was the line she adopted from the beginning: for her husband's sake, to uphold his great and honourable reputation, she chose to retire into the background, to raise no outcry, make no accusations, start no public scandal that might have injured his wonderful career or his posthumous fame. The great difficulty, though every possible source of information has been sought and consulted, is to find any records of Lady Nelson's life apart from her husband. . . . Frances Nelson herself must have destroyed most of her private documents and letters, and it is generally believed that those which remained were probably destroyed by her eldest granddaughter, Mrs. William Johnstoun Neale, who had religious scruples about the preservation of 'worldly goods.' . . . There are several collections of despatches and letters, published and unpublished, that contain some information about Lady Nelson's life and character, and always her reserve, dignity, and modesty stand in sharp contrast with the more obtrusive qualities of the woman who usurped her place in the great hero's life."

In reading this, to me, very absorbing book, I have been struck by the difficulty at this distance of time, and after the loss of so many records, of really "getting at" Lady Nelson's personality and discovering whether there was anything in her character to justify Nelson's conduct towards her, apart from his infatuation for another woman. So far, the worst accusation I have found brought against Lady Nelson in this book is the comment of Lady Bunbury, a niece of Charles James Fox, who describes her as "rather prosy"; this, however, was in 1827, when she was sixty-six. I have reason to know that even husbands may become prosy about that age, but a wife's prosiness would hardly excuse conjugal infidelity, even in a national hero. Certainly, Emma Hamilton's charms seem to have been more voluptuous and romantic, in spite of her vulgarity and her indifferent spelling; and it might be argued that, as an emotional stimulus to a national hero with a genius for naval victory, she was of more value to the nation at the moment than the lawful wife for whom his ardour had cooled. As the biographer makes clear, Lady Nelson had the less spectacular but equally valuable task of preserving Nelson's faith in himself and in his destiny during the five years when the naval authorities left him unemployed and pining for a ship, to show once more what he could do. It is suggested that during those dark intervals in his career she may have saved him from drink and dissipation or even suicide. It does not appear, apart from the rivalry of Lady Hamilton, that Nelson in any way lost his affection and regard for his wife, and it seems probable that, had he survived Trafalgar, he might have eventually returned to her after the glamour of his liaison had worn off, and there might have been another transfer of Emma Hamilton's somewhat elastic affections.



# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MR. E. HOPE GODDARD, C.B.E.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Ernest Hope Goddard, who had been assistant-editor of "The Illustrated London News" since 1909, and of our sister paper, "The Sketch," since 1905. He died on January 23, aged fifty-nine. He joined the editorial staff of "The Illustrated London News" in 1900, and was Acting Editor during the latter part of the Great War.



DR. FUNK.

Dr. Funk, the German Minister of Economics, has succeeded Dr. Schacht as President of the Reichsbank. In a letter of good wishes to Dr. Funk, Herr Hitler spoke of his tasks being to "guarantee the stability of wages and prices," and "to bring to a conclusion the conversion of the Reichsbank into a German central bank unconditionally subject to the sovereignty of the State."



DR. SCHACHT.

Dr. Schacht was dismissed from his office as President of the Reichsbank on January 20, being succeeded by Dr. Funk. It was officially announced in Berlin that Dr. Schacht would remain a member of the Government, and that he would be "assigned to the solution of special tasks." In a letter to Dr. Schacht, Herr Hitler wrote: "Your name will be for ever connected with the first epoch of national rearmament."



THE EARL OF ATHLONE.

Elected president of the Football Association in succession to the late Mr. W. Pickford on January 23, and is the fifth holder of the office since the inception of the Association in 1863. Is a keen supporter of the game. From 1923 to 1931 he was Governor-General of the Union of South Africa. Has been Chancellor of London University since 1932.



PROFESSOR ROBERT WALLACE.

Professor of Agriculture and Rural Economy in the University of Edinburgh from 1885 to 1922. Died recently, aged eighty-five. Was Garton Lecturer on Colonial and Indian Agriculture from 1900 to 1922. Author of many works on agriculture.



SIR REGINALD TOWER.

Had a distinguished career in the Diplomatic Service. Died on January 21; aged seventy-eight. Was temporary Administrator of the Free City of Danzig, and High Commissioner of the League of Nations at Danzig, 1919-20. Was Minister to Paraguay, 1911-19.



THE YEMENI REPRESENTATIVE AT THE PALESTINE CONFERENCE: THE CROWN PRINCE OF YEMEN.

The State of Yemen, in Southern Arabia, is being represented by the Crown Prince at the Palestine Conference in London. The Crown Prince attended the preliminary Arab Conference in Cairo. It was understood that he would come to London by air.



THE ITALIAN ROYAL MARRIAGE: PRINCESS MARIA OF SAVOY WITH HER HUSBAND, PRINCE LUIGI OF BOURBON-PARMA.

Princess Maria of Savoy, the youngest daughter of the King of Italy, was married to Prince Luigi of Bourbon-Parma at Rome on January 23. The ceremony took place in the Pauline Chapel at the Quirinal (the Palace of the Kings of Italy), before a brilliant assembly that included Signor Mussolini and members of the Government, the King of Bulgaria, ex-King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and ex-King Alfonso of Spain. (Ghilla Carell.)



REPRESENTING SAUDI ARABIA AT THE PALESTINE CONFERENCE IN LONDON: THE EMIR FEISAL.

The Emir Feisal, son of King Ibn Saud, is representing Saudi Arabia at the talks to be held in London upon the future of Palestine. The Emir attended the preliminary meetings of the Arab delegates held at Cairo, which ended on January 21.



THE VISIT OF COUNT CIANO, THE ITALIAN FOREIGN MINISTER, TO YUGOSLAVIA: DR. STOYADINOVITCH, THE YUGOSLAV PREMIER (RIGHT CENTRE), RECEIVING HIS GUEST, WHO WEARS A SCARF OF WELCOME.

Count Ciano, the Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs, travelled to Yugoslavia on January 18, on a visit to the Premier, Dr. Stoyadinovitch, who had invited him to a shooting-party. Great importance was attached to the visit by the Italian Press. It was regarded as evidencing Italy's intention to foster better relations between Hungary and Yugoslavia. "Definite appeasement as part of general co-operation in the Danube basin" was officially mentioned as an object of the visit.



THE R.A.F. MISSION LEAVES FOR AUSTRALIA: SIR ARTHUR LONGMORE (LEFT) AND SIR DONALD BANKS (RIGHT), WITH MR. DUNCAN (ACTING AUSTRALIAN HIGH COMMISSIONER), AT VICTORIA STATION; WITH LADY LONGMORE AND LADY BANKS.

Sir Donald Banks, Permanent Under-Secretary for Air, and Air-Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore, late Commandant of the Imperial Defence College, left London on January 19 for Australia, as members of the R.A.F. Mission to the Commonwealth. It was understood that the party would later be joined by Sir Hardman Lever, who headed the R.A.F. Mission to Canada. The Mission is to discuss facilities for the manufacture of aircraft in Australia and New Zealand.



## AN ISLE OF SKULLS AND WEeping DOLLS.

THE MYSTERIOUS ANTIQUITIES OF SAMOSIR, A LAKE-ISLAND IN SUMATRA, AND A PLACE OF BIZARRE, FANTASTIC, AND MACABRE FUNERARY RITES.

By DR. F. M. SCHNITGER, Leader of the Prehistoric and Anthropological Expedition to Sumatra with the support of the Royal Dutch Geographical Society.  
(See Illustrations on succeeding pages.)

FROM April to November 1938, I had the privilege of doing anthropological and prehistoric exploration on the islands of Samosir (North Sumatra) and Nias. This work gave me the opportunity of visiting some regions which had never before been sufficiently explored. In the present article I shall give a brief summary of the results obtained, proving that they are of great interest, not only for the anthropology and prehistory of Sumatra itself, but also for that of various peoples of British India, such as the Nagas of Assam.

The Island of Samosir lies in the Toba Lake, in North Sumatra. From the west and south it ascends gradually into a hilly district, then changes suddenly into a high plateau, which rises on the east side to a height of 1600 m. (about 5250 ft.), sloping abruptly into the Toba Lake. In the centre is a wide, barren highland. The region is strangely fantastic—pierced by straight-walled, narrow gorges. Here flow numerous rivers, of which the largest spring from the western cliff. There are no actual mountain peaks. The island has no forest, with the result that in the rainy season the little rivers change within a few hours into mighty floods, which are very destructive.

In the dark ages, volcanoes belched forth their molten lava over Samosir. On all sides are colossal masses of cliff and boulders, scattered over hills and dales as by a giant's hand. From this material the inhabitants of the island have wrought beautiful structures—high stone ramparts with round and square corner towers and bastions, planted with dense thickets of thorn bamboo, so that no enemy might venture to force their way into the little villages. Only two sides have small entries, which are closed at night by a complicated sort of gate. Then the *hoeta* sleeps in solitude, like some ancient town in mediæval Europe. Everywhere are scattered the picturesque, forlorn ruins of these old forts, often high and inaccessible on the cliffs, darkly outlined against the clear, starry sky; forsaken eagles' nests, deeply tragic, consisting sometimes merely of a high, round tower. These artistic, beautifully constructed walls are the first objects to attract the attention of the scientific explorer, whose wanderings begin on this remarkable island. Nowhere in the East Indian Archipelago have structures in stone been wrought with so much artistic beauty and architectural skill.

The village green is divided into two halves: on one side are the houses, on the other the rice-granaries, both constructed on separate stone terraces. In front of the houses are rice troughs of stone, neatly hewn, sometimes beautifully ornamented, so that they are veritable works of art. It is worthy of note that these rice blocks are set on a base of four or five other stones, and thus form a sort of dolmen. Sometimes next to the rice block a flat stone



INTERIOR DECORATION IN SUMATRA: THE INSIDE OF A GRANARY WITH A POINTED ROOF ADORNED WITH BEAUTIFUL WOOD CARVINGS, AT SIMANINDO, ON THE EAST COAST OF THE ISLAND OF SAMOSIR.

lies on a number of boulders, forming a real dolmen. Similar slabs are found at Limbong, on the south slope of the volcano Poesoek Boehit. They are placed in a circle and serve as seats for the heathen village chiefs (*parbaringins*). It is impossible to determine whether these seats are the remains of a prehistoric culture, but even if this is not so, they are none the less remarkable, for they reveal the fact that those who made these monuments were inspired by an age-old thought. Indeed, the entire Batak art of plastic stone is permeated with ancient tradition.

Interesting, too, is a dolmen in Limbong, which serves as receptacle for the head and hoofs of a deer, slaughtered every year at the beginning of the rice planting. The blood of this sacrifice is supposed to encourage the growth of

lands. I estimate them to be about 1000 years old, but it is quite possible that they are still older, going back to the beginning of our era. Perhaps they were even constructed by the Bataks' ancestors, who, according to a generally accepted tradition, were settled in Limbong.

Samosir lies in the midst of the Batak country. The principal Batak tribes live around the lake—on the south shore the Tobas, on the east the Timoers, on the north the Karos, and on the west the Pakpaks. All these regard



EXTERIOR DECORATION IN SUMATRA: A HOUSE FRONT IN OELOEAN, ON THE COAST OF LAKE TOBA, WITH WONDERFUL CARVINGS AND PAINTINGS IN RED AND BLUE, SHOWING (IN CENTRE) THE HEAD OF THE PROTECTIVE DEMON OF THE HOUSE, AND (JUST BELOW) A FRIEZE OF MEN AND ANIMALS.

Samosir as their homeland, and it may therefore be surmised that this island contains all sorts of ancient relics, of the greatest interest to the study of the Bataks. The climate is agreeable, probably due to the vast expanse of water, which slowly absorbs and then radiates the heat. The humidity is slight. No wonder the oldest Batak tribes settled in this region.

Their chief means of subsistence are agriculture, cattle-raising, and fishing. The chief farming product is rice, which is planted on dry, as well as on irrigated fields. During recent years, large crops of onions and other vegetables have been planted, which thrive very well, forming an important source of income. Most of the cattle belong to the native chiefs, since the common people cannot pay for them. Many of the natives earn their living by fishing. Everywhere in the village near the lake nets are made, both for home use and for sale. Weaving is also an important industry, and is a favourite occupation for women and girls. Formerly the people spun their own yarn. Woven stuffs are traded in all the markets. The making of pottery is also important.

The chief districts (*margas*) are Soemba and Lontoeng, respectively in the north and in the south. The *marga* is a genealogical unit, and owns the ground. Formerly, there were three castes—that of the *radja*, the village founder and his descendants in the male line; the *ripe*, consisting of free and prominent citizens (*boroe na bolon*), some of whom were married to the *radja's* daughters, and could in turn become *radjas*, if they founded a new village, while this was not possible for the ordinary *ripe*; and the *haloban*, or slave-caste.

Very interesting, also, was the information collected concerning a jointed doll, which is made to dance at the feast of the dead. At Samosir and on the south shore of the Toba Lake, the name "*si galegale*" is used for an almost life-sized wooden doll with jointed limbs, mounted on a long chest with wheels. In front of her is a little doll, with folded hands, which are raised in salute when the large doll dances. The construction of this figure takes about four months. When a child dies, or some important *radja* dies childless, a headless doll is made, on which is placed the skull of the deceased. The face is stained yellow with the yolk of an egg, and in the eye-sockets are placed scarlet fruits or eyes of metal. In

case the skull is broken, a wooden head is made. The dead man's soul now descends into the doll, who is led by a guide with his head wound in a turban. The bystanders now also begin to dance, and to present the doll with money, *siri* and cigarettes, all of which the "*loekang medjan*" puts into his pocket.

The dancing is intended to placate the spirit of the departed. An old woman sings of his virtues. The doll rides about on the wheeled chest, embracing friends and relatives. The eyelids are movable, and since there is a moist sponge in the head, the image can even weep. The dancing of this doll in the moonlight is an imposing spectacle, making an indelible impression on all observers. The figure is dressed in costly garments and wears a horse-hair wig, also a beautiful head-kerchief and brass earrings. The skull of either a man or a woman may be set on the body. Formerly there were even dolls with heads on which was nailed a human skin; these dolls could move their eyeballs and put out their tongue.

It is difficult to form a clear and complete idea of the position occupied by the *si galegale* in the Batak community.

It was probably brought to Samosir by megalith-builders. Formerly it danced by the great stone sarcophagus; indeed, several dolls were made to perform around the coffin. We are concerned here with a scientific problem of unusual interest. In an æsthetic sense, also, *si galegale* has a place of honour. No one who has seen it dancing and weeping in the green mists of Samosir, in a night filled with stars and silence, will ever forget it. Thoughts of love and immortality are all about us here. The spirits of the dead are safe in the island's keeping.

I have previously mentioned the stone sarcophagus. Our expedition has taken the trouble to study them carefully. In this way we were able to bring to light a megalithic culture hitherto almost entirely unknown, with numerous interesting ceremonies and feasts. On the fore side, these coffins have a great monster head. They all lie on the coast, with their faces turned landward. As a rule the figure of a man crouches under the monster head, while on the opposite side is the figure of a woman; occasionally these figures change places. The woman's head is nearly always made of a stone differing from that of the coffin. Sometimes she carries a small bowl for holy water. In her hands she holds a mortar. The monster head has large, round eyes, and three horns curved backwards. On the neck is a row of pointed, upstanding bristles. The middle horn frequently had a long, oblique, curved point with an ornament. In two cases this consisted of a deer's head. This was an ancient head-dress of the Batak chiefs and is still found quite often in a different form in the images of Nias.

The coffins stand either in the village or outside, sometimes on a foundation of stones, sometimes merely resting on the earth. In the latter case the greater part of the coffin is sunk into the ground. They are painted with floral motifs; the usual colours being red, white, and blackish blue. These coffins serve as a resting-place for the skulls of the dead. The heads are first buried in the ground. A year later they are dug up and, with festive ceremonies, are placed in the coffin. The cover consists of several pieces, which can



A RELIC OF ANCIENT SUMATRAN HEAD-HUNTING: A FINELY CARVED MONSTER'S HEAD IN WOOD, ON A HOUSE AT OELOEAN.

Formerly such heads as this were only added to the decorations of a house after a successful head-hunting expedition. The skulls of the victims, wrapped in tassels of grass, were hung on the monster's head.

be lifted without difficulty. Whenever a *radja* wishes to have a coffin made, he summons a sculptor. The latter needs at least ten helpers, and delivers the coffin in about two months. When the work is begun, a deer is slaughtered, and the sculptor offers a prayer. His tools are a hammer and chisel, a crowbar and an axe. Far away in the mountains a suitable stone is chosen. It is hacked roughly into shape, and placed on a wooden sledge with rollers. Then hundreds of natives drag it down to the plains, a task which often takes months. Everyone is glad to help for the *radja* gives them food and has a deer slaughtered every day.

[Continued on page 152.]



# STONE "SHIPS OF THE DEAD" AND THEIR "FIGUREHEADS": FUNERARY SCULPTURES OF ANCIENT SUMATRA.



A BEAUTIFUL FEMALE HEAD WHOSE SMILE HIDES A MACABRE LEGEND: AN IMAGE FROM A SARCOPHAGUS AT TOMOK, SUMATRA, ANCIENTLY ASSOCIATED WITH AN ATROCIOUS CHILD-MURDER RITUAL.

CONTAINING 300 SKULLS OF CHIEFS: A HUGE SARCOPHAGUS ON THE SHORE OF LAKE TOBA, SUGGESTING IN ITS SHAPE THE SHIP OF THE DEAD—ONE OF THE GREATEST OF SUMATRAN WORKS OF ART.



A "FIGUREHEAD" FOR ANOTHER "SHIP OF THE DEAD": THE FRONT OF AN ENORMOUS SARCOPHAGUS FOR SKULLS AT NAINGOLAN, SAMOSIR, WITH AN ANCIENT TYPE OF HEAD-DRESS ONCE WORN BY BATAK CHIEFS.

DR. SCHNITGER describes the left-hand upper photograph as follows: "Sarcophagus for skulls of important chiefs at Parsinggoeran, on Lake Toba, containing 300 skulls. The form suggests the ship of death, in which the deceased go to the hereafter. At the back sits a woman with a holy-water bowl on her head. The monster head has a gentle, inquisitive smile and an expression of deep

[Continued above on right.]



A CURIOUS CONTRAST TO THE OTHER FACIAL TYPES OF SUMATRA HERE ILLUSTRATED: A CARVING ON THE SIDE OF A HUGE URN FOR SKULLS OF CHIEFS AT TOLPING, SAMOSIR—SURMOUNTED BY A BOWL FOR HOLY WATER.



A SUMATRAN "MECHANICAL MAN" THAT SHEDS TEARS:  
THE INGENIOUS *SI GALEGALE*; BEAUTIES OF THE WOODCARVER'S CRAFT.



FOOD-STORAGE ON HIGHLY ORNATE LINES: A GRANARY DECORATED WITH WONDERFUL WOOD-CARVINGS AT SIMANINDO, ON THE COAST OF SAMOSIR, A LAKE ISLAND IN SUMATRA.



WITH A BOAT-SHAPED RICE-MORTAR IN THE FOREGROUND: THE FRONT OF A PICTURESQUE SUMATRAN HOUSE AT OELOEAN, SHOWING BUFFALO'S HEADS AND OTHER WOOD-CARVINGS ON THE FRONTAGE, SYMBOLIC OF WEALTH AND FERTILITY.



WITH MOVABLE EYELIDS AND A MOIST SPONGE INSIDE THE HEAD TO SIMULATE WEeping: *SI GALEGALE*, A WOODEN FIGURE WITH JOINTED LIMBS, MADE TO DANCE AT FEASTS OF THE DEAD.



ANOTHER VIEW OF *SI GALEGALE*: THE ARM MECHANISM OF THE WOODEN FIGURE WITH JOINTED LIMBS WHICH DANCES AT FUNERAL FEASTS IN ORDER TO PLACATE THE SPIRITS OF THE DEPARTED.

DR. SCHNITGER'S note on the lower left illustration reads: "*Si Galegale*, a wooden doll with jointed limbs, made to dance at feasts of the dead, to placate the spirits of the departed. The eyelids are movable, and, since there is a moist sponge in the head, the image can even weep. Formerly there were dolls with heads on which was nailed a human skin; these dolls could move their eyeballs and put out their tongue." The lower right subject he also describes as *Si Galegale* and adds: "When an important chief dies childless, a headless doll is made, on which is placed his skull. In case the skull is broken, a wooden head is made. The dead man's soul now descends into the doll, who is led by an attendant, his face wound in a black cloth. The doll goes round embracing friends and relatives."



## THE CHARM OF MUSIC. SOME THOUGHTS ON GILBERT AND SULLIVAN.

By FRANCIS TOYE.



SIR WILLIAM SCHWENK GILBERT  
(1836-1911).

Wrote the libretti for the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. He began his long collaboration with Sir Arthur Sullivan in 1871 and their first two comic operas, "Thespis" and "Trial by Jury," were produced in 1871 and 1875 respectively. He was knighted in 1907.

what it is no exaggeration to call York and other great American cities, with populations by no means exclusively—perhaps not even mainly—Anglo-Saxon, is sufficiently interesting to deserve an article to itself. For our present purposes, however, mere mention will suffice to show that Gilbert and Sullivan remain very much alive, without any need for artificial respiration to be administered by the all-conquering cinematograph.

For this reason, and others more personal, I do not propose to say much about "The Mikado" film. But one thing I must say: which is, that the music is exceedingly well done. Not for years have I enjoyed a Sullivan score so much. It is well sung, and admirably played by an orchestra of adequate size. The pace and the rhythm are beyond cavil. In all these respects the film performance is superior to any of the stage performances that I have heard during the past ten years. It seems regrettable that one should have to say this about "canned" music; but there it is. Even allowing for the inevitable advantages attendant on cinematographic production, such as the practically unlimited opportunity for rehearsal and the support of almost unlimited resources, it should not be so—yet another argument for a first-class presentation of Gilbert and Sullivan in the West End of London.

To me this seems a matter of great importance. The Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, whatever their limitations, are among our few national artistic possessions that are truly national. You may regret the fact, you may deplore the difference of æsthetic levels, but "The Mikado" is the only thing the English have that corresponds, let us say, to "Freischütz" in Germany and "Trovatore" in Italy. In other words, it is the only English opera as familiar to the audience as to the performers. In this there are certain disadvantages, such as a too-ready acceptance of tradition and a too-easy satisfaction with the familiar; but, if you believe in the value of tradition at all, and if you believe, as I do, that Sullivan's music possesses qualities and merits peculiar to itself, it is something of great value.

It is perhaps unnecessary to discuss in detail the respective contributions of Gilbert and Sullivan to the famous partnership. I have no doubt myself that the priority should be assigned to Sullivan; that it is somebody put it to me the other day, acts as the real preservative for the operettas. But this must perforce remain a matter of opinion, and certainly cannot be proved. Besides, I have little patience with the tendency in some quarters to belittle Gilbert. His characters may be artificial, his dialogue stilted, his love of the polysyllabic exaggerated, but he understood the rhythms and the stresses of the English language as few other men have done in the whole history of English literature. There is nobody alive who can begin to compete with him in the fashioning of a lyric. Without being a great satirist, he was an uncommonly good one. He created types and phrases that have become

household words wherever the English language is spoken. All of which entitles him in my opinion to rank, if not with a Swift or a Pope or a Voltaire, at any rate in the same category as a Beaumarchais or a Goldoni.

Besides, it is only fair to remember that Sullivan, divorced from Gilbert, accomplished very little of permanent value. There is the incidental music to "The Tempest," an isolated song here and there, perhaps the "Di Ballo" Overture. His opera "Ivanhoe" is a good deal better than most people imagine; "The Golden Legend," not quite so bad. Still, all this does not amount to very much; it could be matched more or less by the output of several other British composers, contemporary or immediately following. Emphatically the Sullivan that matters is the Sullivan of the comic operas. It looks as if the vinegar of the literary collaborator were indispensable to the oil of the composer for the musical dressing to be wholly satisfactory. Nor is this a mere figure of speech, for it describes fairly accurately the fundamental characteristics of the two men.



SIR ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN  
(1842-1900).

Composed the music for the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. His partnership with Sir William Gilbert, begun in 1871, extended over a period of twenty years. He was Principal of the National Training School (now the Royal College) of Music for six years.

Judging, then, Sullivan as a comic opera composer pure and simple, how shall we assess him? It is clear that his music lacks the sparkle and the diablerie of Offenbach's; nor, I think, is his sense of parody so amusing. He never wrote a tune that carries you off your feet as does the waltz 'n Johann Strauss's "Fledermaus." I doubt if he is as spritely as Lecocq. But Sullivan possessed something denied to all these. Perhaps it may be defined as the Schubert touch. Listening to "The Mikado" the other day, with its unceasing flow of melodies, so fresh, so spontaneous, so irresistibly charming when properly sung and played, I could not help being reminded a little of Schubert and wondering whether Sullivan's ardent championship of that most lovable of all composers had been a mere coincidence.

Again, Sullivan's music shows a decided affinity with that of Romantic Italian Opera; not with Bellini or Verdi, perhaps, but unquestionably with Rossini and Donizetti. To this we owe, besides certain traditional contours of phrase, certain well-marked characteristics in the handling of ensembles, his mastery of the patter song. Here we approach what was perhaps Sullivan's outstanding attribute among British composers. He set our language to music with a skill and a sensitiveness that have never been surpassed and very rarely equalled. There is no trace of that self-consciousness which sometimes obtrudes itself in the works of Stanford or Parry, composers who both attached great importance to the proper setting of English words. Sullivan's settings always sound so natural as to be inevitable. The listener, having once heard them, can scarcely imagine a different treatment of the verbal stresses and rhythms, even though he may not particularly care for the music as such. Above all, when listening to Sullivan, one is never conscious of the too-often alleged difficulty of singing in English—for the very good reason that when English is set to music as Sullivan set it, with the musical accentuation truly corresponding to the verbal accentuation, there is no particular difficulty. The trouble is that most of the English words that we hear sung, both in songs

and operas, are either set by composers who do not know their business or are, in fact, translations which, however skilful, can never be wholly satisfactory.

For these reasons I am always ready to break a lance in favour of Sullivan when I hear him being attacked by the highbrows for being popular or the fashionables for being tame. I dare say it is true that Sullivan's music appeals primarily to the English middle-class. If so, the English middle-class have shown for once uncommonly good taste—a taste, moreover, shared by a great number of musicians who are not even English. I wonder how many people know that Debussy was a regular Gilbert and Sullivan "fan," considering the comic operas as entities the most remarkable ever produced, and Sullivan a composer of undeniable individuality.



THE FIRST PRODUCTION OF "THE MIKADO": SKETCHES OF THE PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS MADE AT THE SAVOY THEATRE IN 1885 FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

"The Mikado," one of the most popular of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, has now been filmed in Technicolor. Scenes from the film, which is now being shown at the Leicester Square Theatre, were reproduced in our issue of January 14. Here we give sketches of the principal performers in the first stage production of "The Mikado" made at the Savoy Theatre and reproduced in "The Illustrated London News" of April 4, 1885. The late Mr. George Grossmith played the part of Ko-Ko and others shown include Mr. R. Barrington (Pooh-Bah); Miss Brandram (Katisha); Miss L. Braham (Yum-Yum), and Mr. R. Temple (The Mikado).



# The World of the Theatre.

By IVOR BROWN.

## THE ART OF CALLING ATTENTION.

THERE has always been a certain and a natural anxiety on the part of theatre people to make use of Mr. Puff. Not much seems to be known as to the methods adopted by Burbage, Shakespeare, and their men to tell the Tudor world that they were in town to-night. But in Sheridan's time the power of the Press and the value of a puff in a paragraph were acknowledged and derided. Nowadays the press agent is as regular a member of the theatre staff as the box manager and the stage-director. This is the age of announcement.

Publicity is everywhere considered a sovereign aid to sales, and the theatre has followed the fashion rather than created it by the attention which it pays to the securing of free advertisement in the news, which is, rightly or wrongly, deemed to be so valuable an adjunct to the usual commercial advertising. Of course, the theatre is, always was, and always will be "news." That is to say, people who rarely, if ever, go inside a theatre like to read about and discuss its affairs and personalities, and like to see pictures of plays and players. Therefore, editors give space to theatre-news and photographs and, naturally, the various managements strive, through their

prudent playgoer. It is perhaps less desirable that actors and actresses should privately employ press agents in order to get personal publicity. It is their own business, certainly, if they like to spend their money thus, but it only adds to the babel of voices proclaiming the superlative merit of this play or that person. The value of a trumpet diminishes when everybody is blowing his own.

Therein lies the trouble. There is such a din of theatrical publicity—smaller far, no doubt, than the fanfares of the

the hope that they some day—and somehow—will.

It is indeed a paradoxical situation. The public are not, in fact, much impressed by all this babel of publicity. The old wheezes have now become a futile bore. The actress who has lost her pearls or insured her famous ankles for a million pounds may smile at you from your evening paper, but that does not bring the public to her play. The public have heard all this before—about somebody else. Now, when Mr. Puff fails, the response of the modern

mind is to say that he failed because of his insufficiency. There was not enough of him. Was publicity unable to save one play? Right; then let's have more publicity for the next. So the uproar goes on, and much ingenuity is employed to create interest in advance and to win following support.

Publicity certainly can put a good play, or an able person who employs it, ahead of an able person who does not. It can, for a brief space of time, shed some spurious glamour even on a dullard or a nonentity. But the brief space is really brief. What the public actually wants is merit of one kind or another. The trouble is that the public is

so slow to find out where merit lies. The meritorious play, despite good notices, may vanish before it is discovered. Announce the demise, and those who intended to be your patrons flock up to the last night. It is too late. Their dalliance has destroyed the piece to which they were looking forward. That recently happened, I believe, in the case of "Traitor's Gate," the remarkable play at the Duke of York's Theatre about Sir Thomas More and Cromwell.

You cannot easily bide your time and wait for public favour when it is costing you many hundreds of pounds



"NUMBER SIX," AT THE ALDWYCH: A SCENE AT THE HOUSE-PARTY WHERE A GROUP OF ENEMIES OF THE INSANE CRIMINAL, CASAR VALENTINE, ARE DISCUSSING HOW BEST THEY CAN DO AWAY WITH HIM.

In order to catch Cesar Valentine, a ruthless maniac who imagines himself to be a descendant of the Borgias, French and English police authorities secretly arrange for a number of people who have suffered at Valentine's hands to meet at a house-party on the Riviera. The characters seen here are (l. to r.) Charlie Harvey (Gordon Harker), John Welland (H. R. Hignett), "Tray Bong" Smith (Bernard Lee), Pasquale (Dino Galvani), Lady Roper (Margery Caldicott), Dr. and Mme. de Luro (Harold Franklin and Daphne Heard). Franklin Dyll plays the part of Cesar Valentine.

film trade, but still a vast clatter—that the ordinary person, who is considering the outlay of some hard-earned money on an evening's entertainment, may be more confused than informed by the uproar of advertising and publicity. There seems to be no play running which somebody has not hailed as superb, sublime, supreme, a masterpiece, etc. There seems to be no player who is not personally enchanting and full of the most grandiose and exciting plans for showing London the enchantments of his or her personality. It is all a trifle confusing for the outsider.

One reason for this furious uproar of publicity is that there is very little "goodwill" in the theatre nowadays. In the days of the actor-managements, when certain theatres had permanence of personality, policy and tradition, there was no need for all this screaming. The big men and their theatres had "goodwill." That is to say, they had a steady following of people who awaited their plans, and were likely to support them. When they announced a new production, there was quite a lot of advanced booking on the strength of their reputation, and no production of theirs, unless it happened to be extremely and unusually disappointing, lacked considerable support. They could rely on a three-months' run. There was no need for continual fanfares on tin-trumpets.

Nowadays there is scarcely any parallel in London to that. Certain kinds of show at certain theatres have some chance of starting with general favour. A Leslie Henson show at the Gaiety, pantomime at Drury Lane or the Lyceum, and such a combination as that of Marie Tempest and John Gielgud in a Dodie Smith play of family life might be called certain successes from the start. But otherwise even the most experienced playwrights, who, if writing as novelists, are assured of big sales for a forthcoming book simply on the strength of previous successes, have to start as though they were nobodies in the theatre. There is almost no goodwill. There are very few houses with policy or tradition. Most of the plays arrive as the result of an *ad hoc* syndicate working with funds raised after a favourable try-out on a Sunday night or in a suburban theatre.

The result of this is that everybody concerned tries to shout very loud. The struggle for publicity becomes the more acute just because so few names now have genuine publicity-value or drawing-power in themselves. Dozens of names are confidently emblazoned outside London theatres every year, but the continuation of this practice, while remunerative to the electricity companies, rarely does a theatre much good, and is only another triumph of hope over experience. The thing has got into an oddly vicious circle. The "names" do not really draw; therefore they keep on "plugging" the names in



PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN NOEL COWARD'S NEW PLAY, "DESIGN FOR LIVING," AT THE HAYMARKET: A PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPOSITION SHOWING DIANA WYNARD AS GILDA; REX HARRISON (RIGHT) AS LEO, THE PLAYWRIGHT; AND ANTON WALBROOK AS OTTO, THE PAINTER. The London premiere of "Design for Living" was arranged for January 25. It had a most successful opening at Brighton on January 16. In New York, where it was first produced, it had a long run.

Photograph by Angus McLean; reproduced by Courtesy of "The Sketch."

press agents, to get a good showing in those columns. They want their future plans told to the public, and they want to attract attention to plays just about to be started or already running.

There is nothing whatever wrong in that. The press agent's department is a necessary line of communication between the theatre and public attention. It distributes news, photographs, and devices legitimate means of reminding the public that such-and-such a play is still at this or that theatre, and is being much approved by the



"THEY WALK ALONE," AT THE SHAFTESBURY: BEATRIX LEHMANN, WHO PLAYS THE LEADING PART OF AN INSANE SERVANT-GIRL IN THIS HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL PSYCHOLOGICAL MELODRAMA.

The action of "They Walk Alone" is set in a remote farm in Lincolnshire, near which a series of mysterious murders of young men take place. Beatrix Lehmann plays the leading rôle with great intensity, and Carol Goodner gives a fine performance as Bess Stanforth, the farmer's wife. (Photograph by Anthony.)

a week to do so. Naturally, the anxious managements, who feel that they have a success if only they can tide over the first few weeks, look to publicity to save them. The publicity-workers have my sympathy. They are expected to achieve miracles. But they know that, in the end, not they but the playwrights and the players must exercise the magic. It is not a case of "Trumpeter, what are you sounding now?", but of "Author, what have you to say?", and of "Actor, what have you to show?"



# This England . . .



*From Birdlip, Gloucester*

THE masters of old who cast the greatest spell in words shewed the most indifference to the spelling of words. To say that "this and this only is correct, by law and lexicon" would have been dismissed by Shakespeare (Shakespear, Shakspeare?) as a fussy hindrance to the freedom of his art. What boots it how a word be spelt, if thought be clear and its own music sweet? But now that the matter is ordered—and public spelling bees make us righteous in knowledge when another fails—let us not mistake good spelling for much wit. 'Tis the content and right usage of a word that give richness to the English tongue—just as the mellow content of your Worthington rather than its shiny bottle or oaken cask, gives in right usage another richness to the English tongue.







## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

### CHURCH PARADE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

IN one single week-end chance brought to my notice one major and one minor work of art. The first was a novel of great distinction, "Dr. Dido," by Mr. F. L. Lucas, which deals exquisitely with the pederastries and brutalities of Cambridge at the time of the French Revolution and with the romance and tragedy that came to the Rev. Dr. Plampin at his cure of souls near by—a book dedicated to the enduring friendship of England and France, and written with great knowledge and understanding. The second was the picture illustrated in Fig. 1 on this page, by T. Turner (who was he?—I cannot find his name in the usual reference works) and dated 1794; and this picture could very well have formed the frontispiece to the novel. There is the kindly doctor preaching his sermon on the Sunday before Christmas to a normally lethargic congregation, denouncing war, and acquiring a totally unjustified reputation as a sedition-monger.

Church interiors are very rare in English painting. No one—least of all the present owners—would claim that this example can compare with those beautifully lighted and sensitive seventeenth-century Dutch pictures by such men as Saenredam or Emanuel de Witte which were and are great favourites in Holland, but it derives from that seventeenth-century tradition. The painter must surely have seen a de Witte—here is (Fig. 2) the National Gallery example for comparison. But late eighteenth-century though it is, and by a man of no importance, it has a certain quality—and, what is more to the point, it illustrates with uncommon fidelity the very stuff and texture of ordinary religious observance in this country—the eighteenth-century horror of anything which might be labelled "Enthusiasm," the sedate, perfunctory acceptance of a service and a sermon as a duty. The student of social history, if he looks closely at this picture, will remark several points of interest, the most obvious of which is the filling-in of the chancel arch; one sees only the lower part of the east window through the opening beneath the Royal Arms. The effect is extraordinary, for if one thing is certain it is that the builders of the church intended the eye to be led onwards and upwards: this blank wall turns the nave into a meeting-house and completely destroys the symbolism of the building. Fashion experts will note some fine Sunday hats, that in the foreground being a notable confection in light blue. This is rather lost in the reproduction: in the original it is surprising and pictorially very effective. The men's hats are hung on the pillars.

Thanks to the coat of arms high up on the wall on the right, it is possible to identify the church with certainty. This is Halsall Church, not far from Ormskirk and Southport, between the Ribble and the Mersey, and it apparently remained very much as it is in the picture until 1873, when the chancel was restored. Then, in 1886, the nave and the aisles were re-seated, and in the same year the great oak pews just beneath the coat of arms were removed and used

fleur-de-lis, three, two and one, over the initials E.I. 1627—the sole record, apparently, of a family whose place of worship and burial the church was for several centuries.

Why is it that, speaking generally, only the Dutch in the seventeenth century took pleasure in paintings of churches—that is, of the interiors? Very few were painted in Catholic countries, but if it were purely a matter of religion one would expect to find them in

other Protestant States besides Holland—certainly in England, where people took their religion seriously enough in the seventeenth century, however casual they became during the eighteenth. The flippant will say that we always kept our religion for Sundays and disliked a reminder of it on the walls of our rooms during the week. But no; it goes deeper than that, down to the springs of the national character. The explanation must lie surely in the extraordinary flowering of the Dutch genius when they had acquired freedom after so many years of oppression, when nearly everyone seemed to feel the need for paintings in his house—only thus can one account for the fact that in one small country so many artists made a living—and as it was an art for the middle class and not for princes,

every phase of life, from fish-market to the Sunday sermon, became a fit (and saleable) subject for the painters, who found a patron round every corner. It was not as if de Witte and his contemporaries had to be wholly serious: true, they produced numerous paintings which are architectural studies with very few or sometimes no figures, but on the whole they were recorders of life as it was lived in their day, and made wonderful play with incident, as in this National Gallery example, in which two dogs have wandered in to hear the sermon, and a magnificent young man stands arms akimbo in the foreground. It is in details such as this, as well as in such obvious virtues as the skilful rendering of sunshine and shadow, that painters of the calibre of de Witte so delight the modern eye—and that reminds me of another National Gallery picture: the charming interior of a church by Berckheyde, where, in the left foreground, a man is wagging his finger in reproof at two little girls who are paying no attention to the sermon. The whole scene becomes immediately informal—children do behave like this, and their elders do have to prove them. But to go back to this strange little English picture. Mr. Turner had not quite this uncanny skill, but there is a stiff naïveté about him which is eloquent—even the fine blue hat, one feels, conceals a notable character. No; I don't think its owner quite approves of the sermon; perhaps, for once in a way, the worthy rector has been moved to utter some original sentiments, and has not—as he usually does—bought a ready-made discourse from a book-shop.



1. THE SERMON BEING PREACHED IN HALSALL CHURCH, LANCASHIRE, IN THE YEAR 1794; BY T. TURNER: ONE OF THE VERY FEW PAINTINGS OF ENGLISH CHURCH INTERIORS THAT HAVE SURVIVED; AND OF GREAT INTEREST FOR ITS DETAILS OF THE COSTUME AND OBSERVANCES OF THE TIME. (14 BY 20 IN.)

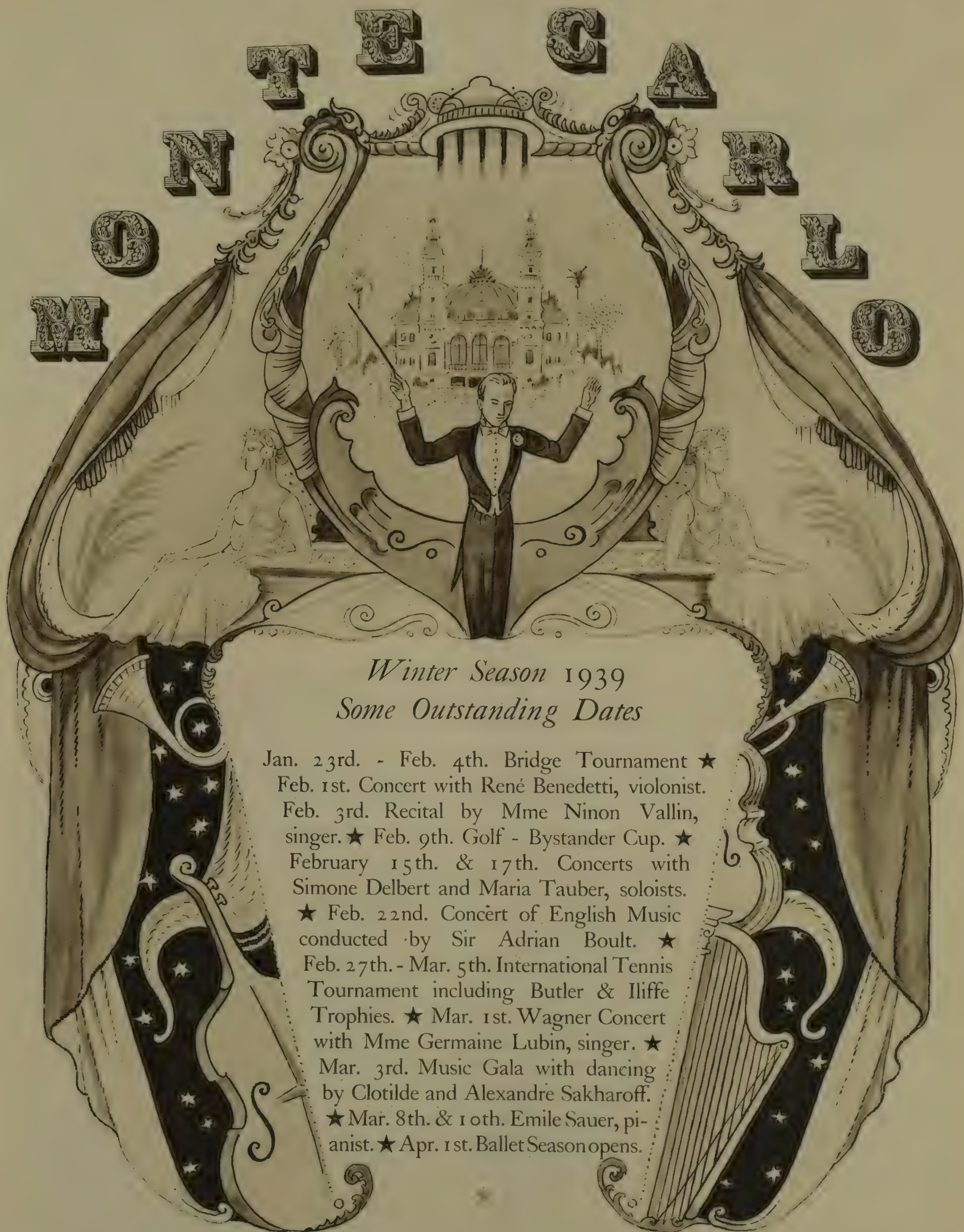
The coat of arms of the Ireland family above the great pew on the right makes the identification of this scene certain. The upper part of the chancel arch has been filled in, leaving only the lower part of the east window visible in the opening beneath the Royal Arms, which are displayed on a large scale; in contrast to the complete absence of any specifically religious symbols.



2. A PAINTING OF A CHURCH INTERIOR IN A COUNTRY WHERE THIS TYPE OF SUBJECT WAS WIDELY POPULAR: A FINE EMANUEL DE WITTE; FOR COMPARISON WITH THE [ENGLISH WORK. (20 BY 22 IN.)—Reproduced by Courtesy of the National Gallery.]

up to make panelling for the vestry. The pews belonged to the owner of Lydiat Hall, and the coat of arms is that of the Ireland family. Crest—a dove with the olive branch. Coat of arms—gules, six





*Winter Season 1939*  
*Some Outstanding Dates*

Jan. 23rd. - Feb. 4th. Bridge Tournament ★  
 Feb. 1st. Concert with René Benedetti, violonist.  
 Feb. 3rd. Recital by Mme Ninon Vallin, singer. ★ Feb. 9th. Golf - Bystander Cup. ★  
 February 15th. & 17th. Concerts with Simone Delbert and Maria Tauber, soloists.  
 ★ Feb. 22nd. Concert of English Music conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. ★  
 Feb. 27th. - Mar. 5th. International Tennis Tournament including Butler & Iliffe Trophies. ★ Mar. 1st. Wagner Concert with Mme Germaine Lubin, singer. ★  
 Mar. 3rd. Music Gala with dancing by Clotilde and Alexandre Sakharoff.  
 ★ Mar. 8th. & 10th. Emile Sauer, pianist. ★ Apr. 1st. Ballet Season opens.

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## AN ISLE OF SKULLS AND WEeping DOLLS.

(Continued from page 144.)

At the back of the coffin sits a *hasandaran*, an old man or woman on whom the spirit of the dead has descended. It is thought that the *hasandaran* makes the stone light by sitting upon it. She cries continually, "Pull!", while now and then she performs a magic dance. Arrived in the village the coffin is completed. The sculptor obtains as reward ten deer, two golden earrings, and twenty Spanish doubloons. Generally the coffin has only one hollow, but at Hoeta Lindjang, on the west shore of the Toba Lake, there is a coffin with two chambers. In the foremost are kept the skulls of the *radjas*, in the rear those of the family.

At Sipira, in the mountains of South Samosir, we found a costly Chinese plate of green porcelain, on which lay the skulls of a man and a woman, covered by a plate of the same material, with a floral decoration. Formerly the skulls were dyed red with *sirih*. From time to time they were removed from the grave, and dances were performed with them by the light of the moon. Meat and palm wine were put into the mouths, the living spoke to the dead and wept over them. These impressive ceremonies served as a memorial to the dead.

Skulls were also kept in enormous urns, of which thirteen were found. One is hewn from the cliff and remains attached to it. Occasionally there is a seated human figure with a sunshade over its head, or a human figure is carved on the side wall. These urns differ, especially in their covers, of which we distinguished two types—concave and convex. The concave line may be short or long. In the latter case a pointed cover is formed, sometimes crowned with a receptacle for holy water.

It is noteworthy that, besides the antiquities at Samosir, others are found on the shore of the Toba Lake. Our explorations in this field brought to light the following. On the south-west shore, at Parsinggoeran, stands a magnificent stone sarcophagus. At the rear end sits the figure of a woman with a bowl on her head. The monster head has a gentle, inquisitive smile, and an expression of deep resignation. This image is one of the greatest and noblest works of art ever produced in Sumatra. Under the image sits the figure of a man with knees drawn up and a fillet of flowers on the head. Nose and upper lip have apparently been restored at a later date. Traces of red and blue paint are still plainly visible. The

stone has been brought from a place lying to the north, the transport taking three days. In the vicinity stands the largest and most beautiful urn in the Batak country, crowned by a seated human figure.

## "THEY WALK ALONE," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

IN this psychological melodrama the author has wasted no time on making his play appear plausible. He is out to make our flesh creep, and he succeeds. Miss Beatrix Lehmann, too, who plays Emma, the homicidal sex-maniac servant-girl, has no use for subtlety. From the moment of her entry the audience (though not the characters on the stage) appreciate that, to put it mildly, there is something odd about her. It gradually appears that Emma uses her sex to entice young men into (as they say in the police courts) compromising positions, and then strangles them. Miss Lehmann's hands seem somewhat frail to strangle burly Lincolnshire farmers, but this is a case in which one must allow the author to know best. What is debatable is the point as to whether a level-headed farmer's wife (perfectly played by Miss Carol Goodner, surely now the most versatile actress on the stage), having had her suspicions aroused, would permit the girl the liberty she does. Also, it is strange that with four or five murders committed within a month or so, the local constabulary do not put in even the briefest of appearances. However, this is, perhaps, to be hypercritical. All that most playgoers demand of a "thriller" is that it thrills. This play most undoubtedly does. Besides seduction and murder, Emma has a taste for playing the organ in the village church at midnight. This is effective. As also is the howling of an unseen dog, who appears to be Emma's familiar. Miss Lehmann brings down the curtain on a scene that arouses one's pity. The local vigilance committee close round her after she has committed her last murder. Like a wounded animal she crawls into the house on her hands and knees: "They've got me," she moans. The production is first class. There is no attempt, happily, at a "Mummerset" accent. Nor, apart from a trifle of mud on their boots, are the agriculturists the uncouth savages some dramatists love to depict them. A great success is made by Mr. Jimmy Hanley. Apparently in his teens, he has a nice sense of humour and a most infectious laugh. Miss Rène Ray, with her engaging air of frankness, also brings a little lightness to the otherwise universal shade.

## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

SIR Arthur du Cros has written a delightful book, "Wheels of Fortune," on the romantic history of the pneumatic tyre. It is published by Chapman and Hall, Ltd., of London, price half a guinea, is well worth that small sum, and should find a place in every library. Sir Arthur is the last survivor of the inner ring which evolved, after some troublesome years, the successful launching of the Dunlop Company. But for "Wheels of Fortune" the world of letters and of wheels would have been oblivious to the actual facts, and the history of the pneumatic tyre would be incomplete. This book has been written to honour the memory of Robert William Thomson, of Edinburgh, inventor of the pneumatic tyre in 1845; John Boyd Dunlop, of Belfast, who revived the idea in 1888, and successfully applied pneumatic tyres to the wheels of cycles; to Charles Kingston Welch, of Tottenham, London, whose patent of detachable tyres, together with those of William Erskine Bartlett, of Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1890, made pneumatic tyres detachable and practical for all forms of transport; and to William Harvey du Cros, of Dublin, the man of faith and vision, who allied invention with commerce and thereby founded a world-wide industry—pioneers all.

"To the advent of the cycle we owe the resurrection of the pneumatic tyre in 1888 (by Dunlop) fifteen years after the death of Thomson." The author relates how Dunlop, who had never ridden a bicycle, built his first pneumatic tyre to give his little son, Johnny, easier riding over the cobble-stones of Belfast's streets and make the machine faster at the same time. How, after the first company, "Pneumatic Tyre and Booth's Cycle Agency, Ltd.," was formed by Mr. Harvey du Cros (paper merchant of Dublin), with a capital of £25,000 in 25,000 shares of £1 each, of which 7400 paid-up shares went to the vendors, Mr. Dunlop, Mr. Booth, Mr. Edlin and Mr. Sinclair, it was discovered that Thomson's patent made Dunlop's practically void; and how Harvey du Cros sought and bought all the inventions which could affect and improve pneumatic tyres, with endless law suits and ultimate success in establishing the Pneumatic Tyre—later the Dunlop—Company, as the original holder and founder of the pneumatic tyre industry, is indeed a romantic tale. But buy "Wheels of Fortune" and you will have many hours of pleasant reading full of the early days of cycling and motoring.



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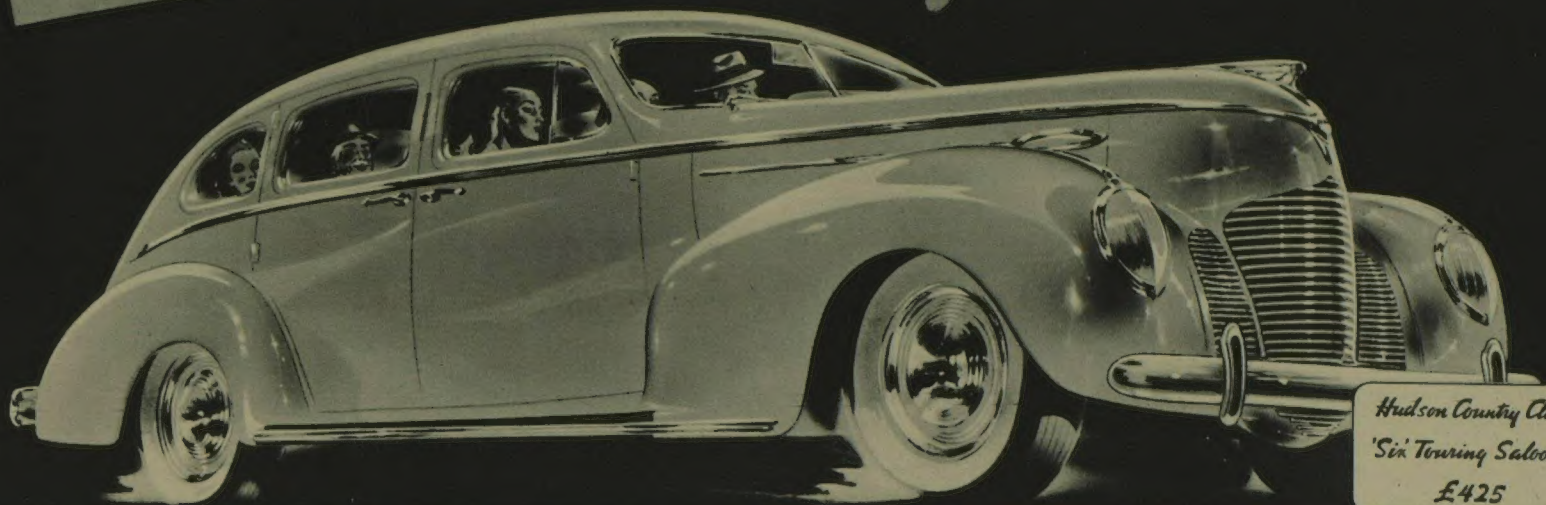
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# of Interest to Women



## Chinese and Hawaiian.

Cruising and beach fashions are very important, and there is a pleasing lack of monotony about them. Among the many countries which have influenced them is China. The coats printed to suggest the work of the natives are perfectly beautiful, and are seen in conjunction with long trousers and with shorts. A Hawaiian note is struck by the flowers in the hair and the necklaces, the latter sometimes reaching to the waist.

## Algerian and Swedish.

The Zouave suit indicates that Algiers has made her contribution to the world of dress. Worn with it are full trousers of blue linen which may be trimmed with red. From Sweden come the colourful braid embroideries. Hoods are often seen with this attractive decoration. Some consider that the striped beach suits have been inspired by the glorious colours present in many Indian fabrics.

## Linen Beach Coats.

Not only for cruising but for home wear are the models portrayed to be recommended. They may be seen at Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W. The house coat is on the crest of the wave, and in its latest interpretation becomes a beach coat. The one at the top of the page is of printed linen in the brightest of colours, and costs £4 4s. Below it is an unusually attractive suit for 6 guineas; the trousers, of a wool fabric, have two sliding fasteners and the check coat is in colours to tone. The shirt (13s. 9d.) is of towelling with a velvet effect. A feature is made of these in a variety of colour schemes.

## Seen on Deck.

For sunbathing Harrods suggest the gaily printed cotton frock above on the right. It has a short-sleeved coatee in the same material to wear for lunch and for going ashore. Deck games should be played in the dazzlingly white shark-skin frock on the left, worn over panties to match. This outfit costs £5 5s., and would be charming for tennis when the cruise is over. Since a Red Indian tan is no longer admired, every traveller must have a shady hat, and here there are attractive models in natural raffia, tied with ribbons, for 10s. 9d.







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## NOTES FROM A TRAVELLER'S LOG-BOOK.

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

## SICILY—ISLE OF MANY CHARMS.

THE traveller to Italy has so many special facilities granted to him in these days that there should be numbers of British visitors to Sicily this winter. For it is an island of many charms—climatic, scenic and historic—where, it may be said, winter is far more like a mild and genial spring. The journey to Sicily has been simplified by a train-ferry service across the Straits of Messina, and by a fast steamship service between Naples and Palermo, also by a tri-weekly air service between these two places, occupying only two hours; and by air from Rome to Syracuse. Special fares on the Italian portion of the journey, and moderate rates in the hotels of Sicily, make the proposition of spending a winter holiday there an attractive one.

Palermo is a charming centre from every point of view. It has a delightful situation, on the shores of a wide bay, at the foot of a fertile plain, encircled with a noble amphitheatre of hills, their lower slopes clothed with vineyards and groves of orange-trees, and has excellent amenities, which include opera and the theatre, orchestral concerts, and facilities for tennis and, at near-by Mondello, golf on a nine-hole course, where, too, sea-bathing is possible the whole of the winter. Palermo has very beautiful public gardens, large modern hotels, smart shops, and wide, straight thoroughfares; and a fascinating old quarter of narrow, winding streets reminiscent of its stirring past, when, after a long period of Carthaginian rule, it became the headquarters of a Roman colony, passed into the hands, in turn, of Vandal, Goth and Byzantine, then for long remained under Moslem dominion, afterwards under that of the Normans, later under the House of Savoy, and finally under the Spanish Bourbons, until, in 1860, Garibaldi gave it deliverance from foreign rule.

Many magnificent memorials of the old days remain. In particular, the Cathedral, which contains the porphyry sarcophagus of the great Emperor Frederick II.; the Royal Palace, built in the ninth century by the Arabs as a castle, and in which is the Cappella Palatina, with wonderful mosaics, styled the

most beautiful example of Arabo-Norman art in Italy; the Church of San Giovanni degli Ezemiti, especially famed for its cloisters; and the Church of La Martorana, the work of George of Antioch (1143); whilst in the Museum are splendid collections of Greek vases and terracottas, Etruscan sarcophagi, Latin inscriptions and mosaics, mediaeval and Renaissance sculptures, and of Sicilian majolica and paintings. Near to Palermo, with which it is connected by an electric tram service, is Monreale, its Cathedral the most beautiful Norman building in Sicily, with mosaics covering an area of over 68,000 square feet. Palermo is an admirable centre for excursions, by electric tram to the heights of Monte Pellegrino, to the Zisa and the Capuchin monastery; and by car to Segesta, with its impressive Greek temple and theatre; the ruins of Agrigento, once one of the largest and most important Greek



SHOWING CAPO S. ANDREA WITH ITS LITTLE BAY AND (IN FOREGROUND) THE DELIGHTFUL ISLE KNOWN AS ISOLA BELLA: A CHARMING VIEW ON THE COAST BELOW TAORMINA, SICILY.



A MAGNIFICENT VIEW OF THE CAPITAL OF SICILY, PALERMO; SHOWING MANY OF ITS FINE BUILDINGS AND, IN THE DISTANCE, THE HEIGHTS OF MONTE PELLEGRINO. (Photographs by Enit-London.)

cities in Sicily; and to Selinunte, where also are splendid remains of ancient Greek civilisation.

For sheer beauty, it is not easy to match the site of Taormina anywhere in the world. Scattered amongst luxuriant vegetation on the cliff-side some four hundred feet above the seashore, the stately ruins of an old Greek theatre standing sentinel over it, whilst behind tower the mountains of Mola and Venere, it affords a marvellous panoramic view of the Straits of Messina and of distant Etna. Taormina, deservedly, is very popular with visitors from this country, for, in addition to the loveliness of its setting, it has good bathing and tennis, with hotel accommodation of a high standard.

Other Sicilian resorts include very modern Messina; Catania, a good centre for exploring Mount Etna; Acireale, some forty minutes by rail from Catania, which is a spa famed for its waters, specially effective in the treatment of rheumatic and arthritic complaints; and Syracuse, set in the midst of a wealth of relics of the past—the days when, as capital of Sicily, it waged victorious wars against the Carthaginians, even against Athens itself, and remained one of the strongest centres of Greek civilisation until the Romans under Marcellus conquered it in 212 B.C.

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